Sword Of Orion, by Nicholas Briggs

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[Part One]

(Something is sounding very unwell.)
CHARLEY: Come on now, Ramsey. What's the matter? What is it? Aren't you glad to be going home?
(Urgh,splat.)
CHARLEY: Oh my. Ramsey!
DOCTOR [OC]: Charley! Charley!
(Internal door opens.)
DOCTOR: I thought you said you were bringing Ramsey to the console room.
CHARLEY: I was, but, well, look at him, Doctor.
DOCTOR: What is it, eh? Bit under the weather, are we? Come on, you'll soon feel better once you're back in the vortex.
(Whimper.)
CHARLEY: He doesn't seem convinced.
DOCTOR: No, his skin's dry and hot.
CHARLEY: And this swelling, too, around his eyes and mouth.
DOCTOR: Hmm, yes. Nasty. Almost like an allergic reaction. Seems like outside the time vortex is taking its toll on the old fella.
CHARLEY: But how are we going to get him to the console room to get him back to the vortex? He's too big to carry.
DOCTOR: And it may not even be as simple as that.
CHARLEY: You mean, he might be too ill to be returned to his natural habitat, as it were?
DOCTOR: Precisely. The shock of re-entering the vortex could prove fatal.
CHARLEY: Are you sure?
DOCTOR: No. That's the trouble. I'm just not what you'd call an expert on Vortisaurs.
CHARLEY: Then we need to find someone who is.
DOCTOR: Yeah, or. Hmm.
CHARLEY: What are you thinking?
DOCTOR: Come on, no time to lose.
CHARLEY: Wait a minute. Where are you going?
DOCTOR [OC]: To the console room.
CHARLEY: Oh, but. Oh. Wait here, Ramsey. I'm sure the Doctor's going to help you. I just wish he'd tell me what he had in mind. Doctor. Doctor, wait.
(Ramsey's breathing is wet and laboured. He is sick again.)

(Someone is whistling while listening to a dodgy radio signal.)
NEWS REPORT: Some doubt has fallen upon earlier reports of Orion Alliance strategic withdrawals in the Orion system. Ion storm formation Protyon has been detected at the very fringes of the Garazone system, but its mass seems to have undergone considerable shrinkage since its last purported appearance. All indications are that Protyon is at present of minimal concern to space navigation. Now onto sport. Today in the league
(A bulkhead door opens.)
THINNES: About time. Got the atmos suits?
DIGLY: What? Oh. Yeah.
THINNES: Don't look so nervous, Digly, you're spoiling my fun.
DIGLY: Sorry.
THINNES: It's a foolproof plan. Uncle Grash and I have got it all worked out, all right?
DIGLY: Right.
THINNES: All right.

(Electronic bleeping.)
DIGLY: What's that?
THINNES: Don't panic. It'll be the Garazone Space Patrol. Hang on tight.
PATROL [OC]: Garazone Space Patrol to cargo loader Silver Jackal. Respond please, Silver Jackal.
THINNES: Er, Silver Jackal, go ahead.
PATROL [OC]: Er, didn't you know that this is a junking zone for space debris?
THINNES: Er, yeah, sorry, we, er, had an engine fault which, er, boosted us off course. It's all fixed now. We'll be moving over the boundary as soon as we can.
PATROL [OC]: All right, well you should be okay. No scrap ships in your area at the moment.
THINNES: Good. We wouldn't want to be mistaken for scrap, would we?
PATROL OC]: Yes. Call us if you need any help. We're moving on. Out.
(Bleeps fade.)
THINNES: And there they go. We've got the whole sector to ourselves.

(Snoring.)
NEWS REPORT: That even though Protyon's progress has proved unpredictable, no official warning
(Bleeping.)
NEWS REPORT: Of navigational disruption has been issued...
DIGLY: Thinnes? Thinnes!
(The snorer awakes.)
THINNES: Oh! What?
DIGLY: I , I've got something on the scope. Long range.
THINNES: Magnify. Oh, there she is. The biggest star destroyer you're ever likely to see. They don't make 'em like that any more.
DIGLY: Why haven't any of those scrap ships tried to take it?
THINNES: Because it's too big, and scrap ship captains are small-minded. Needs someone with a little bit of intuitive skill to take on this baby.
(Alarm noise.)
DIGLY: Oh. Sorry to disappoint you, Thinnes, but the airlock hatch is almost twice the size of the standard connector. We can't dock.
THINNES: Well, pull us alongside and we'll suit up.
DIGLY: What? But are you sure?
THINNES: We have to check out the merchandise before we liberate it. Don't go all soft on me, Digly.

(Hiss, clang. Voices are heard through their intercom system.)
THINNES: Right. Let's get this airlock door open. Hand me the jigger.
DIGLY: What? Oh. Here.
(Clang.)
THINNES: Careful! You wouldn't want to have to go out space-walking to pick it up again, would you?
DIGLY: No. No, sorry.
THINNES: Right. Now, just calm down.
(Scraping of metal on metal. Footsteps.)
DIGLY: I don't believe it. It's still pressurised.
THINNES: Nice one.
(Space helmets unsealed. They sniff.)
DIGLY: Air stinks.
THINNES: It isn't the air we're gonna sell. (laughs) This is better than I'd hoped for. Can't see *any* damage. I bet the weapons systems are in perfect condition. Those squaddies in Orion will give anything for high class equipment. We are gonna make a killing.
(Distant clang.)
DIGLY: What, what was that?
THINNES: Oh, we disturbed the air a bit. Probably a door banging shut.
DIGLY: Oh. Yeah.
(More metal clanging.)

DIGLY: Look, I don't like this, Thinnes.
THINNES: Just because it's a bit dark? Don't worry, I'll get the lights working for you before we start tearing this place apart. Come on.
(More noises, including a possible growl.)
DIGLY: Oh, no. Look, that's it. There's something in here with us. I've heard about this kind of thing.
THINNES: Shut up, will you. You're committed to this little job now. You were keen enough when all you could see was a load of money to get you out your boring little scrap ship navigator's job. Now, come on!
DIGLY: I'm not moving!
THINNES: You will if I start shooting at you!
(Digly hyperventilates.)
THINNES: Look. Old spaceships make noises. This isn't one of your cheap churn-out in a hurry jobs they make today. This was made when they built them to last.
DIGLY: So?
THINNES: So, the hull's probably (pause) adjusting to our weight.
DIGLY: Oh, is that the best you can do, Thinnes?
THINNES: Didn't you do physics?
(Rattling against a bulkhead.)
DIGLY: Look!
(Growl.)
THINNES: (sotto) What the hell's that?
DIGLY: I told you there was something.
(Growling approaches.)
DIGLY: It, it's coming straight at us. Shoot it!
(Laser blasts.)
THINNES: It's no good.
DIGLY: What?
THINNES: Fire again.
(More blasts.)
THINNES: Together!
(Blasts of laser guns.)
DIGLY: It's not even scratched!
THINNES: Digly, run for it!
(Growls, running boots.)
THINNES: Back to the airlock before the Argh! (crash.)
DIGLY: Thinnes? Oh my God, no! Keep back! Keep away from me! No! No!
(Crunch, silence.)

(Horses neigh. Galloping hooves, rattle of carriage, dogs barking, repetitive musical instrument. Charley is doing the usual British thing when faced with a foreigner - she is speaking slowly and clearly.)
CHARLEY: No. Listen to me. You're not listening, are you. Vortisaurs. Have you got anything for Vortisaurs?
(The alien sounds like it is gargling.)
ALIEN: Anything. Give you anything. Give you new life, much beauty, pleasure.
CHARLEY: Er, er, no, no. Thank you kindly, sir or madam. Er, you see, his skin's gone all dry and there's swelling here, around his eyes and mouth.
ALIEN: Eyes. Your eyes. Beautiful eyes. All the stars
CHARLEY: Yes, yes, I don't think you really know what I'm talking about, do you. Oh, excuse me. Doctor?
ALIEN: Taste essence of life for you.
CHARLEY: I'm sorry, I've just seen a friend of mine. I really have to. Doctor? Doctor!
ALIEN: Stars. Your eyes like stars. The pleasure!
(Charley squeals.)
CHARLEY: Oh! How dare you! Get your hands, or whatever they are.
(The alien laughs lecherously. Slap! It whimpers.)
CHARLEY: I'm sorry. I'm sorry, but I'm afraid you left me no choice but to.

Doctor? Doctor!
(Horses neigh. Repetitive music.)
CHARLEY: Where has he gone?
(Musical sounds.)
CHARLEY: Doctor? Doctor, where are you? Oh, he's gone again.
DOCTOR: No luck then. I thought for a moment you were going to cry out for help.
CHARLEY: Oh, how can you be so annoying. I wasn't stopping you from helping me, you know.
DOCTOR: Far be it for me to interfere, Charley. You seemed to be coping more than adequately.
CHARLEY: Really. And he, she or it, didn't know a thing about Vortisaurs. Are you sure we've come to the right place?
DOCTOR: Well, there's no better place than the Garazone Bazaar for finding ancient remedies and mystical tomes.
CHARLEY: It's a den of iniquity, that's what it is.
DOCTOR: I thought you'd be interested in glimpsing the future of human society in all its grim and grimy glory.
CHARLEY: Human? Most of the creatures here aren't what I'd call human.
DOCTOR: Terrible thing, this interbreeding, isn't it?
CHARLEY: Oh, don't be disgusting!
DOCTOR: Come on, Charley. This looks hopeful.
CHARLEY: What? Oh.

CHARLEY: Better than Aladdin's cave, isn't it?
DOCTOR: A lot of tinsel and bric-a-brac, more like, but you never know. Might be hidden treasure somewhere.
IKE: Headplugs less than half price, Dolly.
CHARLEY: Head? Thank you, but mine's not leaking.
IKE: Eh?
CHARLEY: Doctor, what on Earth is a headplug?
DOCTOR: Nothing on Earth. Hello, doing a spot of moonlighting, are we?
IKE: What do you mean?
DOCTOR: My friend and I parked our ship at the spacedock. I'm sure I saw you leaving the main gate earlier on.
IKE: Nah, it weren't me.
DOCTOR: Oh, I know you've been careful enough to unclip your insignia, but the shirt is standard issue. Nobody else makes them quite like the Merchants Space Corps, do they.
IKE: Yeah, well, er, look, I'm about to shut up shop, so if you don't mind.
DOCTOR: Ship leaving today, is it? The Corps take a dim view of moonlighting, I expect. Don't worry, your secret's safe with us.
IKE: What do you want?
DOCTOR: Just a browse.
IKE: Who sent you?
DOCTOR: Ah, can't say, sorry.
CHARLEY: (sotto) Can't say what?
DOCTOR: Neither can she. (sotto) Can you.
CHARLEY: No. Definitely not.
IKE: So, what happens now?
DOCTOR: As I say, we just want to browse. Do you mind?
IKE: All right.
CHARLEY: Thank you. I'm sure we won't be long.
IKE: Yeah, well, I'll be out the back if you need me.
(Rattle of bells on beaded curtain.)
DOCTOR: Right. Let's have a look around.
CHARLEY: Wait a minute, what was all that about?
DOCTOR: Remedies of the ancients? Interesting.
CHARLEY: Doctor?
(The Doctor is flicking through a book.)

DOCTOR: Hmm. Hmm? Oh, I think our moonlighting shopkeeper thinks I'm some sort of undercover official. Customs and Excise, probably. Smuggling was rife in the Garazone system, but he's too scared to ask for ID because then he'd be giving himself away for sure.
CHARLEY: If you're not careful, you'll bluff yourself into an early grave.
DOCTOR: Early? Some would say overdue. Hey, look at this.
(He blows into a descant recorder. I've still got one of those from school.)

(Communicator noise.)
IKE: Grash. Grash! Come in, Grash.
GRASH [OC]: All right, all right. Don't bust a gut. You'd better be encrypting this call.
IKE: Course I am. Listen.
GRASH [OC]: No, you listen. I was about to call you.
IKE: I think we've been rumbled.
GRASH [OC]: What? Ike, my son, stop being paranoid.
IKE: You said Digly was paranoid, then him, Thinnes and the Silver Jackal vanished without trace. Now listen, I've got a couple of goons here. They're rifling through the stock. I think they're on to us.

DOCTOR: Well, it might come in handy. Found anything?
CHARLEY: Only this.
DOCTOR: Gold plated Cyber-head. Well, well, well.
CHARLEY: Have you seen one before?
DOCTOR: Er, sort of.

GRASH [OC]: I said forget it, Ike, and I meant it. We've got something else to worry about.
IKE: What?
GRASH [OC]: They've transferred Alberman off the Vanguard.
IKE: Transferred?
GRASH [OC]: A new captain's coming aboard. May be aboard already. And they've brought forward disembarkation time, so leave the shop and get your arse down here to the docking bays.

CHARLEY: So how long ago was this Cyberwar?
DOCTOR: Relative to this time, oh, a very long time ago, I should say. The Cybermen are nicely tucked up in their tombs on Telos, thank you very much.
CHARLEY: Telos?
DOCTOR: Yes, Teelos, Telos, however you like to pronounce it.
(Door slam.)
DOCTOR: Hello? Hello? Hello?
CHARLEY: He's run out on us, hasn't he?
DOCTOR: Let's have a look.
(Through the bell curtain.)
DOCTOR: Mmm, I think you're right, Charley.
CHARLEY: Gone to get some of his smuggler friends to give us a beating.
DOCTOR: I think you're letting your imagination run away with you.
CHARLEY: Am I indeed? You said he was a criminal, and you told him where the Tardis was. He's probably gone to steal it.
DOCTOR: Charley, I hardly think. Oh.
CHARLEY: Ah, see? Admit it. You're worried.
DOCTOR: Perhaps we'd better check. We'll take a grav-pad. We'll beat him to it.
CHARLEY: A grav what?
DOCTOR: A sort of flying hire car.
CHARLEY: A what?
DOCTOR: And bring that book.
CHARLEY: But we haven't paid for it.
DOCTOR: It's probably stolen anyway. Come on.

(Metal door shuts.)
VOL: Loading bay to Vanguard.
(Deeva is female.)
DEEVA [OC]: Vanguard. Navigator Vol, is that the last of the supplies aboard?
VOL: Er, no Captain. I've got to check off the supplies at hatch thirty eight B.
DEEVA [OC]: Have them loaded without checking.
VOL: But, er, normal procedure's to
DEEVA [OC]: Executive override.
VOL: But
DEEVA [OC]: I don't propose to discuss my orders further. I want main drive active in ten minutes.
VOL: Aye, Cap'n.

(Whoosh!)
CHARLEY: Whoa! Oh my goodness!
DOCTOR: Impressed?
CHARLEY: This is incredible, Doctor. It certainly beats the R101. It's no bigger than a paving stone and travels at ten times the speed. How come there are no propellers or balloons?
DOCTOR: Anti-grav technology. A nifty discovery made by Welford Jeffreys several hundred years after you left Earth. Fantastic view, isn't it?
CHARLEY: Oh, it's truly amazing. I still can't quite grasp that all this, this city, the bazaar, all those people, that all of this is inside one huge structure floating between stars.
DOCTOR: Garazone Central was one of the first of its kind. It's about a hundred years old now, and a long way from any centralised authority.
CHARLEY: But how can it be raining if we're indoors?
DOCTOR: Ancient air conditioning and condensation build-up on the internal bulkheads.
(Charley laughs.)
DOCTOR: What?
CHARLEY: I don't have the faintest idea what you're talking about.
(Both laugh.)
CHARLEY: Oh look. Look down there. Isn't that the warehouse where you landed the Tardis?
DOCTOR: That's right.
(Slowing beeps.)
CHARLEY: What's that noise?
DOCTOR: Er. Ah. How good's your balance?
CHARLEY: My? Oh, my goodness. I can move my feet.
DOCTOR: Molecular bonding circuits are shorting out.
CHARLEY: That's probably quite worrying, isn't it?
DOCTOR: And the forcefield's gone. Hold onto me, Charley, and don't panic.
CHARLEY: Oh!
DOCTOR: Hang on!

VOL: No! I want the stuff at thirty eight B loaded *now* . She's insisting. And believe you me, you don't want to argue with her. Out.
(Footsteps approach.)
GRASH: Hey, Vol. Have you seen Ike?
VOL: No sign yet. But he'd better hurry up.
(Hooter.)
GRASH: That's the departure horn!
VOL: You'd better believe it, mate. Our new captain's not hanging around for anyone.
GRASH: Ike, where the hell are you?

(Whee, bang.)
DOCTOR: Still in one piece?

CHARLEY: Ow. Yes. Oh, when I set out with a burning ambition to fly, I never quite had that experience in mind.
DOCTOR: Well, I think that's quite enough excitement for one day. Now, if I'm right, the Tardis should be around
(Machinery operating.)
DOCTOR: Oh no.
CHARLEY: Oh dear. That machine seems to be loading it aboard that ship.
DOCTOR: We've got to get to it before
(Running. Machinery moving.)
DOCTOR: Too late.
CHARLEY: Hatch thirty eight B.
DOCTOR: Remember that code. There must be someone round here who will open it again. Come on.
VOL [OC]: Stand by to release painters. The Vanguard casting off.
CHARLEY: Oh dear.
DOCTOR: We've got about ten minutes to get aboard.
CHARLEY: What? But how?

(Hatch opens. Heavy breathing.)
GRASH: Well, that's what I call cutting it fine.
IKE: I just got through the main gate when I (gasp) when I heard the bleedin' horn. What's with this new captain?
GRASH: Seems the little lady is in an 'urry.
IKE: Say, I'm getting a bad feeling about this trip.

VOL: Er, shouldn't we wait for Ike, Ma'am? I picked him up on the securicam. He got aboard just in time.
DEEVA: Are you doubting my piloting skills, Navigator?
VOL: No, but er, I mean
DEEVA: Your course is in the nav computer, Vol. Lay it in.
VOL: Aye, aye, Cap'n.
(Keyboard.)
DEEVA: Casting off. Docking painters, disengaged. Manoeuvring thrusters, firing.
(Door opens.)
DEEVA: Take a seat, Pilot.
IKE: (breathless) I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I
DEEVA: On my report? You will be.

CHARLEY: (gasping) I didn't think we were going to make it.
(Big echoing space.)
DOCTOR: That, Charley, is what a sonic screwdriver is for.
CHARLEY: We'd better find the Tardis. I presume there's some means of switching on electrical light in here?
DOCTOR: Not very likely. This is a waste bay. The Tardis was being loaded as part of the cargo, I should imagine. We'll just have to feel for the door.
CHARLEY: Then find a cargo hold marked thirty eight B. I hope the crew are friendly.
DOCTOR: I'm hoping they'll be too busy to notice us.

(Beeps.)
IKE: Scrap ship Vanguard to harbourmaster. Respond, please.
HARBOURMASTER [OC]: Vanguard, you're clear to pass dock head. That was some exit, Ike. Never seen you move so fast.
IKE: Not guilty there. The new captain with a flea up her backside. See you next month. Out.
VOL: She could be listening to that from her cabin, you know. She's the type who'd do that.
IKE: Oo, Vol, I'm really scared.
VOL: You'd better watch yourself, mate. I know you think you're indestructible

now you're part of Grash's little family, but I'm warning you. Captain Miss Deeva Jansen is no Alberman. Did you clock her uniform?
IKE: Yeah! Wears it well, don't she?
VOL: This is true.
(They laugh.)
VOL: No seriously, though. I wouldn't like to get on the wrong side of her. That's a pretty fancy sidearm she was packing.
IKE: Oh, so she's gonna shoot me, is she?
VOL: Mmm, well.
IKE: What?
VOL: I wouldn't put it past her. She's been giving me the evil eye ever since she got aboard last night.

(Scraping of metal.)
DOCTOR: Shush, Charley.
CHARLEY: Sorry. Oh!
(More scraping.)
CHARLEY: Oh, this door's covered in rust and. Oh dear me. Maintenance is obviously a very low priority aboard this ship. They can't have much pride in their work.
(Scraping of shoe on floor.)
CHARLEY: Do you think anyone heard us?
DOCTOR: Looks pretty deserted. Hmm.
CHARLEY: Which way now? What are you doing?
DOCTOR: Put your hand on the wall. What do you feel?
CHARLEY: Er, a sort of vibration.
DOCTOR: That, Charley, is the vibration of some kind of interstellar drive.
CHARLEY: Which makes the spacecraft move. Yes, I see.
DOCTOR: Yes, and at the moment it's moving rather fast, at hyper-speed.
CHARLEY: You can deduce that just by feeling the wall?
DOCTOR: Mmm, this is just a scrap ship. Why are they in such a hurry?

(Keyboard clattering.)
IKE: Of course, you know the engines won't take it, don't you? Did Alberman ever run us on maximum? No.
VOL: (laugh) You've got a high powered space vixen on your tail now, Ike.
IKE: Too high powered for this job. There's something behind it all. You mark my words, Vol.
VOL: What the hell are you on about now?
IKE: Maybe she had a row with someone on the Merchant Corps Executive.
VOL: And got demoted to serving on the Vanguard, you mean?
IKE: Yeah. That woman was not born to scrap space debris.
VOL: Whereas we were?
IKE: Well, we're destined for greater things, Vol.
VOL: (sarcastic) Oh yeah.

CHARLEY: So this ship, the Vanguard, is a sort of interplanetary dustcart, picking up all the rubbish people leave behind in space?
DOCTOR: The human race use them in backwaters of the Galaxy where any unwanted debris or refuse was rather unceremoniously left to drift into eternity far from the busy space lanes. Only trouble was, the backwaters used to get a little clogged up with
CHARLEY: Sweepings. Debris and litter, that sort of thing.
DOCTOR: And much worse.
CHARLEY: Oh, thirty eight A. Nearly there. Must be the next one along.
(Engine noise.)
CHARLEY: That doesn't sound very encouraging.
DOCTOR: No transit dampeners, by the sound of it.
CHARLEY: There's something wrong with the engines?
DOCTOR: Seems that way. Oh, steady now, she's been in service a long time. I

only hope they're looking where they're going.

(Bleeping.)
IKE: There you are. What did I tell you? Got a red light. The dampeners are down.
VOL: They haven't worked properly in living memory, Ike. And would you mind keeping an eye on the space scope?
IKE: Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.
(Loud bleep.)
IKE: Christ!
VOL: What is it? What have you got?
(Electronic alarm starts up.)
VOL: Cut the engines, Ike! That's a proximity alarm. Cut the engines, now.
IKE: Cutting power.

DOCTOR: They've cut the power. Interrupting hyperdrive power in-flight, very dangerous.
CHARLEY: Thirty eight B. This is it.
DOCTOR: I think we'd better get off this ship before the crew fly it to pieces.

VOL: We're out of hyperspace. New coordinates reading five six, nine seven, four two.
IKE: Never mind the bleeding coordinates, look at that.
VOL: Hey. Is that for scrapping? It's enormous.
IKE: Looks like a dead star destroyer. I've seen them in me book of
(Alarm signal.)
VOL: Evasion manoeuvres, Ike! We're gonna hit!
IKE: Right, right.
(Metal creaking. Door opens.)
DEEVA: What the hell's going on? You've got us at reverse thrust.
IKE: We're trying to avoid *that*.
DEEVA: You should have been looking where you were going.
(Noises of erratic flying.)
DEEVA: Stabilise gyro-vectors, Pilot.
(Typing onto keyboard.)
IKE: I'm doing it, I'm doing it!
DEEVA: Set nav computer to emergency manoeuvre mode. One eighty degrees starboard turn.
VOL: Nav computer controls are jammed. We have zero manoeuvrability. Must have been the sudden deceleration. Got her all shook up.
(Creaking.)
DEEVA: Reinitialise the hyperdrive.
IKE: What? I've only just shut it down. It's too dangerous, and anyway it'll take time to stoke her up again.
DEEVA: Do it.

(Walking on metal. Bleeps.)
DOCTOR: Hmm, now then.
(Bleeps, pressing controls.)
CHARLEY: I'll go and see how Ramsey's feeling. Do you think that book will be any help at all?
DOCTOR: Might give us a few pointers. Ah, that's it.
CHARLEY: What's it?
DOCTOR: I've patched the Tardis scanner into the visual transmissions from the Vanguard.
CHARLEY: You mean, we can see what their Captain is seeing?
DOCTOR: Yes.
CHARLEY: Oh, my goodness.
DOCTOR: I knew they must have been trying to avoid something. Why else slam on the brakes so hard? She's a beauty, isn't she?

CHARLEY: Oh, I don't know. There's something, something cold about it.
DOCTOR: Everything's cold in space, Charley.
CHARLEY: It's moving towards us, isn't it?
(Bleeps.)
DOCTOR: Oh dear. No. We, or rather, the Vanguard, is moving towards it. Space collision. Time to go, I think.

(Alarms.)
VOL: Reverse thrusters are not gonna stop us in time.
IKE: Hyperdrive reinitialised.
DEEVA: Set to reverse course. Three nanosecond burst.
IKE: Three? You can't!
DEEVA: Yes, I can.

(The Tardis engines and something else.)
CHARLEY: What was that?
DOCTOR: I don't know.
(Bleeps.)
DOCTOR: We, we've landed, but I didn't. That's strange.
CHARLEY: That ship's stopped moving?
DOCTOR: No, we have. The Vanguard has. They must have activated their hyper drive momentarily, thrown it into reverse. Ingenious. Unfortunately we got caught in their warp field.
CHARLEY: Is that dangerous?
DOCTOR: I'm afraid so, it's caused a surge of temporal feedback in the time core of the Tardis.
CHARLEY: Has it?
DOCTOR: It has. And if we're caught in here when the energy releases, it doesn't bear thinking about.
CHARLEY: Doesn't it?
DOCTOR: Nope.
CHARLEY: Then we've got to leave the Tardis?
DOCTOR: Yes.
CHARLEY: What about Ramsey?
DOCTOR: He'll be all right. His natural habitat is the space time vortex. After all, he lives off temporal energy, and anyway the energy from the core will eventually dissipate.
CHARLEY: Eventually? But how will we know when it's safe to come back inside the Tardis?
DOCTOR: Good point. Where's that tracker? Er, toolbox?
CHARLEY: Oh, here.
DOCTOR: Ah yes. Got it! Now, if I set the tracker to detect temporal energy, I should be able to tell when it's safe to return. That's it. We have to go, now, now! Go, go!

CHARLEY: Quickly, shut the door.
DOCTOR: That's it.
(Regular bleeps from the tracker.)
DOCTOR: Just in time. Temporal energy's now released in the Tardis.
CHARLEY: Er, Doctor? We're not where we were.
DOCTOR: Not where? What are you talking about? Oh.
CHARLEY: This isn't the Vanguard.
DOCTOR: Of course.
CHARLEY: Precisely.
DOCTOR: Yes. What? No, don't you see?
CHARLEY: See what? It's dark and cold and (sniffs) oh! Distinctly smelly.
DOCTOR: We must be aboard that other ship.
CHARLEY: The one on the scanner?
DOCTOR: Yes.
CHARLEY: Oh, no wonder it's cold.

DOCTOR: And deserted. Listen. No engines. No sign of activity.
CHARLEY: Oh. How long are we going to have to stay out here?
DOCTOR: Long enough to have to get you some exercise to keep you warm. Come on, let's have a look around.
CHARLEY: Are you sure it's safe?
DOCTOR: Of course not.
CHARLEY: I'm so pleased.

VOL: (laughs) Oh, dear. I see the airlock door hasn't opened yet.
IKE: I bet Grash and his recon crew are dragging their feet about boarding that thing.
VOL: Yeah. Our space vixen has met her match in Grash.

GRASH: No. Look, this is how we do things aboard the Vanguard, love.
DEEVA: Captain.
GRASH: Captain. We dock, then we walk down a nice little docking pipe into the other ship. We do not space walk.
DEEVA: But our docking module does not match that of the derelict star
GRASH: Then that, darling, as they say, is the end of the story.
(A woman speaks.)
CHEV: And anyway, who knows what we could find in that ship.
KELSEY: (man) Yeah, gives me the creeps just looking at it.
GRASH: Shut up, you two! The point is, Captain
DEEVA: The point is that there is nothing in your contracts to support your objection.
GRASH: It's too big for scrapping, anyway.
DEEVA: Let me be the judge of that. If you don't go over there now to make our claim legal, we may lose it.
KELSEY: Oh, big deal.
DEEVA: There'll be double bonuses all round if we pull this one in.
CHEV: Double bonus?
GRASH: *If* we survive to collect the money.

DOCTOR: And this would be the control room.
CHARLEY: Very bare, isn't it?
DOCTOR: Mmm.
CHARLEY: They evidently didn't have much time for the finer things in life, did they?
DOCTOR: Who?
CHARLEY: Well, these space men. Or whoever they were who lived here.
DOCTOR: Perhaps they took their luxuries with them.
CHARLEY: You mean, one day they just decided to leave, with all the carpets and cushions?
DOCTOR: Mmm.

IKE: Here we go. Star Destroyer. Derelict. Sighting
VOL: Hush, she'll have your vitals for this, Ike. That terminal command's access only. What's it say?
IKE: Er well, there's a design configuration.
VOL: That's the one.
IKE: Aye. (whistle.) Really *is* enormous. Sightings reported by scrap ships Intrepid, Magenta and Bulldog.
VOL: None of 'em took her on.
IKE: Too big.
VOL: That's right.
IKE: Reference, Garazone Space Patrol report, E two hundred. Cargo loader Silver Jackal.
(Alarm.)
VOL: What the hell's that?
IKE: Oh, my God. I've come up against a top priority security block. I'll have to

get down to the central terminal to break this one.
VOL: Turn it off before
(Door opens)
DEEVA: Is this a hobby of yours, Pilot?
IKE: Ah well, I
(Alarm noise dies down.)
DEEVA: Because it's a very dangerous hobby.

(Squeaking of chair.)
CHARLEY: This chair's huge! They must have been well, big people.
DOCTOR: Mmm, did you notice how large the door frames are?
CHARLEY: Yes. Yes, enormous!
(Tapping.)
DOCTOR: Total systems shutdown.
(Faint noise.)
CHARLEY: What was that?

(Grinding of metal. The speakers are using helmet intercoms.)
GRASH: Door secured.
KELSEY: Dark, innit?
GRASH: Recon crew to Vanguard, we're aboard. Against my better judgement.
DEEVA [OC]: Vanguard. Proceed with reconnaissance.
(Bleeps of checking device.)
CHEV: Atmosphere check, positive.
GRASH: Helmets off.
(Sound of helmets being removed. Coughing.)
KELSEY: Oh Christ, it's a sewerage ship. The air's rancid!
CHEV: But breathable.
GRASH: Yeah, yeah, I gathered that. Come on, let's get moving, people. You know the drill. Oh! Split up.
(Heavy boots on metal.)

CHARLEY: It's quiet now. What do you think it was?
DOCTOR: Someone coming aboard from the Vanguard?
CHARLEY: Someone leaving?
DOCTOR: Someone waking up.
CHARLEY: Waking up?
DOCTOR: Waking. Just a thought.
(Bleeping.)
CHARLEY: Doctor, look. There's an electric light flashing on that panel. What do you make of it?
DOCTOR: Something activating. Don't know. I think we've seen enough. Let's get back to the Tardis.
CHARLEY: Perhaps that temporal energy has dispersed by now.
DOCTOR: We'll take a reading on the tracker when we get there. Come on.
(Groaning, electronic, half-sounding like the rasping breath of a person, or a robot.)
DOCTOR: Oh no.

(Walking about.)
KELSEY: Scanning for money, scanning for money, scanning for money, scanning for money, scanning for money, scanning for money, scanning for money
CHEV: Is there any chance of you shutting up, Kelsey?
(Same half-metallic groan.)
CHEV: Kelsey?
KELSEY: Anyone hear that?
(Metallic groan.)
GRASH: Negative. What have you got, Kelsey?
KELSEY: Er, something that sounds not nice.

CHEV: I hear it moving away.
KELSEY: Well, I, er, I actually hear it getting closer, actually, folks. Any, any suggestions?
(Walking.)
KELSEY: Oh, my God!
CHEV: Kelsey, what is it?
KELSEY: A blue box. I've found a blue box.

(Walking on metal.)
DOCTOR: This way. It's *this* way.
CHARLEY: Are you sure? I thought
(Stopping abruptly.)
DOCTOR: Oh, er.
CHARLEY: That noise has stopped.
DOCTOR: Yes. Good, good.
(Metallic roar.)
DOCTOR: Ah. Not good.

CHEV: What do you think it is, Kelsey? Do you think it's been making that noise?
KELSEY: Eh? What, this box? No, I don't think so, no.
GRASH: Kelsey, I've got your position. Chev and I will come and have a look. And, er, just keep your gun handy. You never know.
KELSEY: Well, thanks for filling me with confidence, guys.
GRASH: We won't be long.
KELSEY: Yeah well, just hurry. Mind you, at least that noise stopped.
(Clang.)
KELSEY: What the?
CYBERMAN: Destroy!
(Kelsey screams.)
CHEV: Kelsey!

[Part Two]

DOCTOR: Someone in trouble. Come on.
(Running.)
CHARLEY: Doctor! Oh! I'm not so sure this is a good idea.

(Alarm sounding.)
DEEVA: Vanguard to recon crew. Vanguard to recon crew. Respond. What's going on? Respond.
IKE: Grash. It's Ike.
DEEVA: I'll handle this, Pilot.
GRASH [OC]: Ike, Kelsey's in trouble.
IKE: What sort of trouble?
GRASH [OC]: I don't know. Look, we may, we may need backup, Ike.
DEEVA: Understood, recon. Well, Ike. You'd better suit up, just in case.
IKE: What?

CHARLEY: The Tardis.
DOCTOR: There she is.
CHARLEY: Doctor, look. Someone, someone's been hurt badly.
DOCTOR: That'll explain the scream we heard.
CHARLEY: What could have inflicted such terrible
(Footsteps.)
CHARLEY: What are you doing?
DOCTOR: Feeling for a pulse. Could still be alive.
CHARLEY: Found one?
DOCTOR: Not sure.
CHARLEY: Er, I'll try and stop some of this bleeding. It's difficult to know where

to start. Any luck?
DOCTOR: Wait a minute, wait a minute, yes, yes, faint pulse. It's very weak.
CHARLEY: I'm not surprised. Is he from that ship the Vanguard?
DOCTOR: Yes, yes, definitely. Merchant Space Corps insignia on the space suit.
CHARLEY: That's a name tag, isn't it? Mark Kelsey.
DOCTOR: Poor Mark.
CHARLEY: What did this to him?
DOCTOR: Something very strong, determined, and quite possibly deranged. And something very much still around here, I should imagine.
CHARLEY: Well, he's not going to survive much longer in *this* state. He needs urgent medical attention.
DOCTOR: Mark? Mark, can you hear me?
(Gentle slapping of face.)
DOCTOR: No. Hopefully he came over here with some friends of his.
CHARLEY: Doctor?
(Footsteps on metal.)
DOCTOR: Could be them.
CHARLEY: Or whoever did it.
CHEV: Who? Oh no. Is that?
DOCTOR: Mark Kelsey. You know him?
CHEV: Is, is he dead?
DOCTOR: Not quite, but you've got to get him to a hospital.
CHEV: Hospital? We've got a sickbay on the Vanguard but no Medical Officer.
CHARLEY: You'll have to take him back to that Garazone place.
CHEV: Who are you people?
CHARLEY: Look, never mind that. Just call for help or something.
(Footsteps, laser gun powers up.)
GRASH: Right, don't move.
DOCTOR: Please, there's no need
GRASH: Shut it!
(Footsteps.)
GRASH: Oh! What the hell have you done? Move back from the body.
DOCTOR: I thought you said we weren't to move.
CHARLEY: Doctor.
GRASH: Shut it, both of you!
CHARLEY: Doctor, he thinks *we* did it.
DOCTOR: What? Er, I think there's been a bit of a misunderstanding.
GRASH: I won't tell you again, murderers.
(Bleep.)
GRASH: Recon to Vanguard.
DEEVA [OC]: Go ahead.
GRASH: We've found Kelsey's body, and the murderers.
DEEVA [OC]: What?
CHARLEY: We didn't!
DOCTOR: He's not dead.
GRASH: What?
DOCTOR: But he soon will be if you don't do something.
DEEVA [OC]: Grash, what's going on?
GRASH: Take your hands off him.
DOCTOR: I'm just checking. No.
CHARLEY: Pulse gone?
DOCTOR: Yes.
DEEVA [OC]: Grash, patch in your suit cameras.
GRASH: If you're sure you want to see this.

(Bleep.)
IKE: They're patched in. Oh, my God.
DEEVA: What is it, Ike?
IKE: Er, nothing. I mean, poor Mark. What a mess.

GRASH [OC]: Can you see now, Captain?
DEEVA: We can see, Grash.
GRASH [OC]: Look at their hands. Covered in blood.
CHARLEY [OC]: We were trying
GRASH [OC]: Shut it! What do you say, Captain? You have the authority. We could execute them on the spot. Well? It's your call, Captain.

DOCTOR: Er, could I just point out that it would be physically impossible for either of us to inflict that
GRASH: You've had your last warning. I
DEEVA [OC]: Leave him alone, Grash.
GRASH: You mean you've not
DEEVA [OC]: Have Ike bring over a couple of spare atmos suits. Bring them back to the Vanguard.
CHARLEY: Well, thank goodness there's a woman in charge.

(Metal door closes, hiss.)
GRASH [OC]: Outer door closed.
DEEVA: Pressurising.
(Hiss, bleeps.)
DEEVA: Have you got the body?
GRASH [OC]: What's left of it. Stand by.
DEEVA: Opening now.
(Metal door opens, footsteps.)
DEEVA: Ike, you and Chev take the body to sickbay.
IKE: Aye, Captain. You fit, Chev?
CHEV: Yeah. Yeah, sure.
(Uneven footsteps.)
IKE: We have to talk.
GRASH: What about?
IKE: Those two.
DEEVA: So, you're the murderers.
DOCTOR: I don't think you really believe that.
GRASH: Shut up!
DEEVA: Who are you?
DOCTOR: I'm known as the Doctor, and this is
CHARLEY: Charley Pollard.
DOCTOR: We're travellers.
CHARLEY: You're the captain?
DEEVA: What were you doing on the Star Destroyer?
DOCTOR: Er, um, What were we doing, Charley?
CHARLEY: Well Doctor, we were getting some exercise. Or rather, I was.
DOCTOR: Yes. Stretching our legs, just looking around.
DEEVA: Just looking around?
DOCTOR: Yes. I do rather a lot of it.
VOL [OC]: Er, Captain Jansen? Come in, please.
DEEVA: What is it, Vol?
VOL [OC]: Er, I've picked up some kind of freak transmission, on the internal security monitor.
DEEVA: Where's it coming from?
VOL [OC]: Er, airlock reception. Where you are.
DEEVA: Grash, scan them.
GRASH: Right.
(Noise, pulsing. Bleeps.)
GRASH: There's something on him.
(Patting of clothing.)
DOCTOR: Do you mind?
(Collecting objects.)
GRASH: What are these?
CHARLEY: That's his sonic screwdriver and his tracking device.

DOCTOR: Thank you, Charley. And I assure you neither of them are transmitting anything.
(Bleeps of tracker.)
DOCTOR: Satisfied?
GRASH: I'll keep hold of them for now.
DEEVA: I'll take those, Grash. Thank you.
VOL [OC]: I'm still picking up that transmission, Captain.
DOCTOR: What's that?
CHARLEY: What?
GRASH: Stay where you are, Doctor.
DEEVA: You saw something?
DOCTOR: Yes. Yes, something moving on the deck. Over there. It
CHARLEY: Doctor?
DOCTOR: It's gone now.
DEEVA: What? What did it look like?
GRASH: There's nothing there. He was just trying to confuse
VOL [OC]: Transmission source is moving rapidly.
DEEVA: Where to?
VOL [OC]: Er, it's stopped.
DOCTOR: Fascinating.
GRASH: What's the matter with you now?
DOCTOR: Look. Down here, on the deck.
GRASH: Just watch it.
DEEVA: It's all right, Grash. Let him go on. What is it that's so fascinating, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Can't you see?
CHARLEY: Yes. Leading from inside the airlock, over the edge of the door seal, and off over there where you said you saw something.
DEEVA: Scratch marks.
DOCTOR: Yes. Very slight and very small, made by something compact and quite heavy.
DEEVA: But I didn't see anything.
GRASH: Neither did I.
DOCTOR: It was very quick and very quiet. I just happened to see it.
CHARLEY: In that case, it's sure to be trouble.
GRASH: Oh, where's all this getting us? There's been a murder. We've caught these two red-handed, literally. We should be going back to Garazone Central to hand them over to the authorities, not standing here discussing the state of the floors.
DEEVA: I don't think it's that simple, Grash.
CHARLEY: At last.
DEEVA: Kelsey's body was
DOCTOR: Virtually pulverised.
DEEVA: Yes. And it's clear these two aren't responsible. I grant you, they've got a lot of explaining to do, but I'm not prepared to abandon our chances of making one of the biggest hauls in the history of salvaging.
GRASH: They could be androids, on the run from the Orion war. They're strong enough and crazy enough to tear a man to pieces.
DEEVA: They aren't androids.
GRASH: How do you know?
DEEVA: Because there aren't any outside Orion, and that's light years away.
(Fizzing.)
GRASH: Here. What what's the matter with the lights?
DEEVA: Vol, what's going on?
VOL [OC]: Localised power feed is rupturing your area.
DEEVA: Booster compensate.
VOL [OC]: I'll activate a couple of emergency batteries.
(Fizzing.)
GRASH: It isn't making any difference.

(Door opens, dragging.)
CHEV: Put him over here, on the analysis table.
IKE: Poor Mark.
CHEV: Yeah. And it could just as easily have been me.
IKE: You reckon those two did it?
CHEV: Well, I found them over the body. What did you want to talk to Grash about?
(Fizzing.)
IKE: Hey. What's wrong with the lights?
(Bleep of communication.)
IKE: Vol?
VOL [OC]: Don't tell me, don't tell me. Why aren't your lights working. I don't know, mate. All I know is that it's spreading. Just sit tight. Captain?

VOL [OC]: Captain, it's spreading all over the ship. I've cut in all the emergency batteries, but the power just doesn't seem to be getting through.
DEEVA: Can you isolate the fault?
VOL [OC]: Er, I don't know, ma'am. I've started in your section but I think
(His voice starts cutting out.)
VOL: there's this disruption on the main board. Now my lights are starting
(Silence.)
DEEVA: Damn.
DOCTOR: Is there some way of accessing the power systems from here?
DEEVA: There are maintenance hatches all over the ship.
DOCTOR: Can you show me the nearest one?
GRASH: What are you doing, Captain? He
DOCTOR: can't be responsible for this, can I? Even if you do think Charley and I are capable of suddenly transmogrifying into superhuman psychopaths, I don't see how you can possibly deduce that we're causing this power disruption.
DEEVA: It's this way, Doctor.
GRASH: All right. Move.
(Footsteps.)
DEEVA: Here.
(Sizzling sound.)
CHARLEY: Look at that.
GRASH: Someone's burned a hole in the hatch.
CHARLEY: Are you going to blame us for that too?
DOCTOR: And look here, leading to it.
CHARLEY: More of those scratches.
GRASH: Yeah but, but, but wouldn't we have seen a a flash or something? I mean, if someone had shot a hole in
DOCTOR: Not if that someone was incredibly small, and the weapon was a powerful highly-focused
CHARLEY: Death ray?
DOCTOR: I was going to say energy beam.
CHARLEY: Same thing, isn't it?
(Grash cried out.)
CHARLEY: Too hot to get your hand through? Hasn't someone got a key to open it?
DEEVA: Yes.
DOCTOR: Thank you.
(Bleeps, scraping.)
DOCTOR: Er, look, might I trouble you for my sonic screwdriver? The handle doubles as a torch.
DEEVA: What?
CHARLEY: She's astounded by your genius, Doctor.
DEEVA: Here.
DOCTOR: Thank you. Now then, let's have a look. Ah. There we are. Yes, you see? The impact of the beam has melted these upper cables. Some of them are still molten. Now then, what have we got further down? Yellow and black cable?

DEEVA: Life support.
DOCTOR: Well, that's been left well alone, which is interesting.
GRASH: Why?
DOCTOR: Well, because if our intruder has a high intensity weapon, it could easily have severed the life support cables.
CHARLEY: You mean it doesn't *want* to kill us.
GRASH: Well, how come the power disruption is spreading?
DOCTOR: Whatever it is must be moving fast. Whenever it gets to a new hatchway, it must employ its weapon.
DEEVA: And burn through another section's power cables.
GRASH: But *where* is it heading?
DEEVA: I don't know, but we're going to the flight deck. Use your personal communicator, Grash. Tell Ike and Chev to meet us there.

(Fizzing of faulty electrics in background.)
DEEVA: Vol, is there any way you can find out where the intruder is heading?
VOL: Er, well, I suppose one of us could go prodding around in the infrastructure with a big stick and a torch. But apart from that, er, no. I've got no power for the security scan, you see. On top of that, ninety per cent of the ship's lighting's blacked out, the inter-space transmitter's dead, the
GRASH: Where the hell has this thing come from, that's what I want to know.
DOCTOR: I would have thought that was obvious.
(Metal door opens. Footsteps.)
IKE: Blimey. It's dark out there.
CHEV: What are *they* doing here?
CHARLEY: Oh, we're your scapegoats.
CHEV: You'll be dead scapegoats if you don't shut up.
DEEVA: In which case you'll be on trial for murder, Chev.
CHEV: Did you see what they did to Kelsey?
IKE: Just calm down, Chev. Think about it. What proof have we got that they really did it? They don't look anywhere near strong enough.
CHEV: But their hands are covered in blood!
CHARLEY: We were trying to stop your friend from bleeding to death. If you'd rushed him back to your sickbay rather than worry about accusing us, you might even have saved him.
CHEV: Don't you dare!
IKE: Chev!
DOCTOR: Perhaps we should calm down a little.
DEEVA: I'm inclined to agree, Doctor.
IKE: Chev, they'd be covered in blood from head to toe if they'd done that to Kelsey.
DOCTOR: Which leaves you with a mystery. One that we could help you to solve.
CHARLEY: That's very generous of you, Doctor.
GRASH: All right, so, where did this thing in the infrastructure come from?
DOCTOR: Er, well, are you and Chev, is it?
CHEV: Yeah. Are we what?
DOCTOR: Well, you haven't changed your space suit since you got back, have you?
CHEV: No.
DOCTOR: Grash?
GRASH: No. What are you getting at?
DOCTOR: Ike?
IKE: No.
DOCTOR: Could you turn around so we could see your backpacks?
CHEV: What?
GRASH: Captain, are you just gonna stand there and let this clown
DEEVA: Do as he says, Grash. We'll keep an eye on them.
CHARLEY: In case we transmogrify? Thank you.
(Footsteps.)

DOCTOR: Yes. Very sturdy metal back packs. Have a look, Charley.
CHARLEY: What am I looking for?
DOCTOR: Remember the deck by the airlock?
CHARLEY: Oh!
DOCTOR: You're clear, Chev, now Ike?
(Turning.)
CHARLEY: Doctor?
DOCTOR: Well, well, well. Grash?
GRASH: Oh yeah? What is it?
DOCTOR: Quite a different story. You see, Captain?
CHARLEY: Scratch marks like the one we saw on the deck.
GRASH: Eh?
DEEVA: Yes.
GRASH: Let me see. Ah. So, what are you saying, then?
DOCTOR: The visiting card left by our intruder. It stuck to your backpack while you were on the other ship, then dropped off on the Vanguard when it thought no one was looking.
CHARLEY: No one except you.
IKE: Must have been quite small.
VOL: Now it's worming its way amongst the power cables.
GRASH: Well, we've got to find this, this thing and and then stop it!
DOCTOR: I think I might be able to help there.
CHEV: Oh yeah? How's that?
DOCTOR: Well, I'm rather good with gadgetry.
CHARLEY: And very modest.
DOCTOR: I imagine it wouldn't be too difficult to re-route some of the power through the life support cables.
CHARLEY: The yellow and black ones?
DOCTOR: Yes, the yellow and black ones. Then we can get your security facilities working.
DEEVA: Could that work?
VOL: Not without depleting the life support system.
DOCTOR: There must be areas of the ship that aren't in use. Storage bays, equipment stores, that sort of thing. We could cut the life support to them, then
IKE: Divert that power to the security scan.
VOL: The bloke's got a point, Captain.
DEEVA: Then you'd better give him all the help you can.
VOL: We'll have to access the main couplings through the maintenance unit on deck nine.
DOCTOR: Lead the way, Vol.
CHEV: I'll come with you to keep an eye on them.
DEEVA: Your friend Miss Pollard stays here, Doctor.
CHARLEY: A hostage?
DEEVA: If you like. I may not suspect you of murder, but you haven't given me any satisfactory answers, so far.
DOCTOR: Won't be long, Charley. Come on, Vol.
(Footsteps. Metal door opens.)
CHARLEY: Don't worry. If it can be done, the Doctor's the one to do it.
GRASH: Beats me why we're letting a complete stranger tamper with the vital systems of this ship.
CHARLEY: What do you think he's going to do? Blow up the ship, while he's still on it?
DEEVA: He seems to know what he's talking about, Grash.
CHARLEY: Look, it's obvious we didn't kill your poor friend. We just want to get back to the other ship and go.
DEEVA: What do you mean?
CHARLEY: Well, our ship is over there. Mind you, I don't fancy going back, with whatever it is still running around.
GRASH: Oh! This whole problem should be dealt with by the Garazone Space Patrol. There's been a a death, and we have an intruder, and, and these two

stowaways.
CHARLEY: We're not st
DEEVA: I must say, I'm surprised at your desire to call in the authorities, Grash. Most out of character.
GRASH: What do you mean? What are you getting at?
IKE: We can't call for the Garazone Space Patrol, Grash. Transmitters.
GRASH: But we could return to base.
DEEVA: I think we can deal with this problem ourselves. The first thing we must do is to get back aboard that Star Destroyer.
GRASH: Why? Are you some kind of psychopath, darling? How many more people are going to have to die?

(Sonic screwdriver operating.)
DOCTOR: Er, can you get me a bit more power, Vol?
VOL: I can shut down the sickbay.
(Switches operated.)
VOL: I suppose poor Kelsey won't be wanting any more air.
DOCTOR: No, I suppose not. Did you know him well?
CHEV: What *were* you doing on that ship, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Discovering, not murdering your poor friend. As a matter of fact I'm rather keen to get back there.
VOL: Why?
DOCTOR: It's where I parked my transport.
(Sonic screwdriver, something else starts bleeping.)
DOCTOR: Ah, there we are, Vol.
VOL: That's it, Doctor. Securiscan's back online.
DOCTOR: Anything?
VOL: Not yet. She's just running up to power.
CHEV: What what do you think it is, over there, on the ship?
DOCTOR: Something pretty nasty. And something to do with our miniature friend currently rooting around the Vanguard's power systems, I'll warrant.
(Regular pulsing noise.)
DOCTOR: What have you picked up, Vol?
VOL: A signal. Something's transmitting a signal at the stern of the ship.
DOCTOR: Same as before?
VOL: Exactly.

(The signal is heard.)
DEEVA: The Doctor's as good as his word, it seems.
IKE: Whatever it is, it's transmitting to the Star Destroyer.
(Typing in keyboard.)
VOL: Have you noticed where it is, Ike?
IKE: Er, one of the stern compartments.
(Door opens.)
CHARLEY: Well done, Doctor.
DOCTOR: I trust you've been well-treated?
DEEVA: She has.
CHARLEY: Yes, it's been my little home from home.
DOCTOR: What do you make of that signal, Captain?
DEEVA: It's being beamed directly at the Star Destroyer.
DOCTOR: We must get over there and find out who or what it's talking to.
GRASH: Oh yeah. I'm sure you're very anxious to get back to your ship and escape.
DOCTOR: What?
CHARLEY: I didn't think there was any harm in telling them.
DOCTOR: I assure you, Captain, that I have no intention of merely running away and leaving you in your predicament.
DEEVA: I'm sure you haven't. But just to be certain, Miss Pollard will remain here. Right, I have one volunteer for my recon crew.
DOCTOR: I beg your pardon?

DEEVA: I share your desire to solve this mystery, so that I can get on with this job, Doctor. So, who's joining us? Grash?
GRASH: I'm not going back aboard that ship with something on it waiting to do to me what it did to our Mark.
CHEV: Me neither.
CHARLEY: Well, at least you accept that the Doctor and I aren't murderers.
GRASH: The only thing I'm prepared to accept is Merchant Space Corps' standing orders, which state that space junk like you two gets locked up, and captains who unnecessarily endanger their crew get relieved of their command, as of now.
(Laser gun noise.)
DEEVA: Put the gun down, Grash
GRASH: Shut up! I'm working by the book here.
CHEV: I think he's right, Captain.
GRASH: Ike, Vol, to your stations, get your rears into gear. Engage main drive, get it out of here.
VOL: Look Grash, I know how you feel about Mark, but couldn't we all just
GRASH: Ike, tell your mate to shut up and do as he's told.
IKE: Vol, just
VOL: All right, all right.
IKE: You've officially taken command, Grash?
GRASH: Yeah. I'll put it in the log. I take it you're backing me?
IKE: Yeah. Yeah, course, sure. Family loyalty.
(Tapping on keyboard.)
VOL: Setting course for Garazone Central.
IKE: Powering up thrusters now.
(Beeping noise under thrusters.)
GRASH: What is it?
VOL: I don't know.
(Alarm sound.)
DOCTOR: Engine failure.
CHARLEY: Oh dear.
GRASH: Try again.
VOL: No response.
DOCTOR: Look at the security scan. That thing's got to your engines. It obviously doesn't want us going anywhere.
DEEVA: So much for the mutiny. I take it you've no objection to *our* going aboard the Star Destroyer?
GRASH: You and the Doctor can do what you like, but the girl stays here.
CHARLEY: What if I don't want
GRASH: Shut up! And you listen to me, Ms Deeva Jansen. I'm gonna get those engines repaired, and get going as soon as possible, so we won't be sending over a rescue party for your bodies.
CHARLEY: Good luck, Doctor.

(Footsteps on metal.)
DOCTOR: Why didn't you come over here earlier?
DEEVA: Not my job.
DOCTOR: But you're here now. You're very driven for a scrap ship captain.
DEEVA: Driven? Have you any idea how much this kind of ship is worth in salvage?
DOCTOR: And precisely what kind of ship is it?
(Sound steps and a growl.)
DOCTOR: You do realise that's probably whoever killed Mark?
(Growling.)
DOCTOR: You'd better keep your gun handy.
DEEVA: I intend to.

GRASH: So they're the goons from the shop?
IKE: Yeah. That's what I'm saying.

GRASH: If they're Customs and Excise, why haven't they shopped you to the captain?
CHEV: Yeah, why haven't they said they recognise you?
IKE: Dunno. Undercover agents, maybe?
GRASH: Doesn't make sense.
IKE: What we gonna
GRASH: Oh, stop whining. Just shut up and let me think. You do realise they could blow our whole business operation wide open.
IKE: Don't you think I know that?
(Door opens.)
VOL: I've put her in the old Quartermaster's office. Seems happy enough.
GRASH: Well, Vol, you can fetch her right back out again.
VOL: Eh?
GRASH: I want you and Ike to get down to the engine room and start repairing the main drive, pronto.
CHEV: But what about that thing down there? It could be, you know, hostile.
GRASH: Which is why they'll be taking the girl with them. You can use her as bait.
VOL: You wouldn't.
GRASH: Why not? If she is Customs and Excise
VOL: What?
GRASH: Trap shut, Vol. Well, get a move on, the both of you. I am the captain after all.

(Footstep on metal.)
DOCTOR: I'm not quite sure exactly what you're looking for.
DEEVA: Aren't you now?
DOCTOR: It's a Cyberman! A rogue Cyberman!
CYBERMAN: Destroy!
DEEVA: No.
DOCTOR: Aim your weapon at its chest.
DEEVA: Look out, Doctor.
(Shots. Struggle. The Cyberman groans.)
CYBERMAN: Help
(Fizz, silence.)
DEEVA: Are you all right, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Oh, just a glancing blow on the head. Ow. Do I look all right?
DEEVA: Well, you're in considerably better shape than the Cyberman.
DOCTOR: Oh. Let's have a look at it. I wonder what it's doing here.
DEEVA: I thought they were supposed to be extinct.
DOCTOR: You've heard of them, then?
DEEVA: Yes. I majored in Galactic Military History at University.
DOCTOR: How studious. And now you're chugging around in a scrap ship. Bit of a comedown.
DEEVA: If you say so.
DOCTOR: Now, let's get this face plate open.
(Sonic screwdriver operated.)
DOCTOR: Interesting.
DEEVA: It's receiving a signal.
DOCTOR: Of course. And I'll give you two guesses as to where it's coming from. That thing in your engine room is a Cybermat.

IKE: Open the door, Vol. Keep your gun handy.
VOL: Er, right.
(Door creaks opens.)
IKE: In you go, darling.
CHARLEY: Why?
VOL: Ike, this doesn't seem right.
CHARLEY: What doesn't?
(Pulsing noise.)

CHARLEY: That thing's in there. The thing that disabled your engines with its high intensity death ray gadget.
VOL: Death ray?
CHARLEY: Oh, whatever you call it. And you want me to go in there?
IKE: That's the idea, dolly.
CHARLEY: Oh. Look, why are you doing this? Have the Doctor and I given you away? No. So why
VOL: What's she talking about?
IKE: Nothing. Just get in there, will you.
CHARLEY: I'm talking about Ike's nice little sideline in smuggling.
IKE: Shut it.
VOL: Oh, God. Oh, you're such a bleeding idiot, Ike.
IKE: You can shut up too, or I'll send you in as well. Listen to me, darling. I'm just obeying me bosses orders, understand? You go in first and find out where that thing is.
CHARLEY: When it blows a hole in my head. Exactly how stupid do you think I am?
IKE: Stupid enough not to want *me* to blow a hole in your head.

(Sonic screwdriver.)
DOCTOR: Yes, this Cyberman was definitely subjected to some kind of freezing. Probably the same sort of thing they did on Telos.
(Cyberman noises.)
DOCTOR: Ah! Hold it down!
DEEVA: I thought it was dead.
(Sonic screwdriver.)
DOCTOR: Yes, it was. I mean, it is. Sorry, I was tampering with the cybernetic nervous system. That was this chap's problem, you see. Some sort of fault must have occurred in the refrigeration process. He must have partially awoken with the apparent result that his motor functions had no proper controls. He went rogue.
DEEVA: Then the signal from the Cybermat *didn't* wake him.
DOCTOR: No, no, that came later.
DEEVA: Which points to the fact that there are other Cybermen on this ship, frozen in hibernation.
DOCTOR: Hmm. At least we haven't seen any evidence of *their* waking up yet.
DEEVA: Then we must find them, and make sure they *never* wake up.

(Regular pulsing like a heartbeat. Another signal speeds up.)
CYBERMAN: Power is low. No response beyond phase one.
CYBERMAN 2: Increase the power. Our leader must be revived.

[Part Three]

(Pulses continue, then stop.)
CYBERMAN: Emergency cut-out has activated.
CYBERMAN 2: The Cybermat is still signalling. You two will proceed to the human's ship. I will remain here and repair these systems.

VOL: Oi. Psst! Oi! Any sign of it yet, Charley?
IKE: Shush! Shut up, Vol. Don't get on first name terms with her.
CHARLEY: No. Not yet, Vol. I don't even know what I'm looking for.
(Grating sound.)
CHARLEY: Oh. Er I think I'm looking right at it.
(Electronic pulses.)

DOCTOR: Anything on your tracker?
DEEVA: I think so. Large chamber up ahead.
(Footsteps. Electronic bleeps.)
DEEVA: This is it.

DOCTOR: The door's locked. Let's have a look at the locking system.
(Metal cover removed.)
DOCTOR: Hmm. Not very helpful. All the control mechanisms are burnt out. They must have been subjected to some kind of massively disruptive energy burst.
DEEVA: Like an ion storm? They're pretty common in the Garazone sector.
DOCTOR: Yes, of course! No wonder the hibernation unit malfunctioned. It's a wonder it didn't knock out the emergency lighting cells as well.
DEEVA: Well, I suggest we attempt to force the door.
DOCTOR: You must be stronger than you look.

GRASH [OC]: What do you mean, it's just looking at her?
IKE: It just is. Maybe it's waiting for orders.
VOL: Maybe it's never seen a girl before.
IKE: Shut up, Vol.
GRASH [OC]: Wait until it kills her, then blow its head off.
VOL: It hasn't got a head. It looks like a sort of, er, oh, a metal worm.
GRASH [OC]: Oh,. shut up, Vol.
IKE: What it if doesn't kill her?
GRASH [OC]: Then you kill her and say *it* did it.
IKE: I can't do that.
CHARLEY: Er, will you two stop chatting and do something, please?

(Scraping of heavy metal on metal, sounds of effort.)
DEEVA: Is that far enough?
DOCTOR: Yes. That should suffice. I can just about squeeze through. What's that awful smell? (coughs) It smells like
DEEVA: Like death.

(Laser shot, clang, Cybermat twitters.)
VOL: Got it!
CHARLEY: Oh! Oh, thanks. Thanks, Vol.
IKE: You weren't supposed to do that.
VOL: Just can it, tough guy.
(Footsteps.)
CHARLEY: Oh, thank God you're a good shot.
VOL: Yeah. Yeah, yeah.
IKE: Blimey. Look at the mess this thing's made of the engines. Burnt right into the main drive units. Oh, we'll never repair that.

CHEV: They must have done it by now.
GRASH: Yeah. If they know what's good for 'em. Grash to Ike. Come in.
IKE [OC]: Ike here. We got it.
GRASH: And the girl?
IKE [OC]: Er, still alive.
GRASH: Doh. You useless piece
(Alarm.)
GRASH: What the hell's that? Chev?
CHEV: Securiscan. Someone's trying to open the airlock.
GRASH: Ike, get the bleeding engines fixed, or I'll fix you.
IKE [OC]: We can't.
GRASH: That'll be Jansen and the Doctor back already. Oh, damn. I thought we could at least pin desertion of her post on that stuck-up cow. Jam the servo.
CHEV: No power to the security locks.
GRASH: Come. We'll get down there and put paid to any ideas she might have of getting off the hook.

DEEVA: This certainly isn't the freezing chamber.
DOCTOR: No, quite the opposite. No wonder this place smelt of death. There must be hundreds of corpses.

DEEVA: All of them at various stages of Cyber-conversion.
DOCTOR: Are you sure you didn't major in Cyber-studies?
DEEVA: Hmm?
DOCTOR: You seem remarkably well-informed.
DEEVA: This chamber must have been fully operational when the ion storm hit. The systems failed
DOCTOR: And all these, prisoners of the Cybermen, captured to increase the Cyber-race, died in lingering agony, trapped in mid-conversion.
DEEVA: The human elements rotted, and yet the cybernetic replacements look
DOCTOR: Like they're straight off the production line. This is a factory ship, sent out to gather new recruits for the Cyber-cause.
DEEVA: I wonder how the process worked?
DOCTOR: Morbid curiosity? The Cybermen must have set it in motion, then submitted themselves to freezing, to ride out the storm thinking they'd be safer in hibernation.
(Tracker bleeps.)
DEEVA: There's another large chamber near here. Shall we take a look?
DOCTOR: Yes, let's.

(Airlock hiss.)
CHEV: Airlock's already pressurising. Should be through any second.
GRASH: Listen to me, Jansen. Chev and I are armed, so come out with your hands up. You'll be confined to quarters. Do you understand?
(Bleep but no reply.)
CHEV: Not like her to miss an opportunity to make some smart comment.
GRASH: Yeah, well, ha, I've taken the wind right out of her sails, haven't I? She knows when she's beaten.
(Airlock door opens. Heavy footsteps.)
GRASH: Oh my God!
CHEV: What the hell are they?
GRASH: They must be the filth that killed Mark. Let them have it, Chev.
(Laser guns firing.)
CYBERMAN: Your weapons are ineffective. You will surrender.
GRASH: Run for it!
(Cybergun. Grash cried out and falls.)
CYBERMAN: One of the humanoids has escaped.
CYBERMAN 2: It will find the others for us. Initiate the control device.
(Wheep.)

DEEVA: This way, Doctor.
DOCTOR: What's that noise?
DEEVA: I'm reading an energy discharge about five metres ahead.
DOCTOR: Turn that off. Let's take a look.
(Wheeping noise gets louder. Ripping through plastic, like in Tomb of the Cybermen. The Cyberleader has a deep electronic voice.)
CYBERLEADER: Why has my revival been delayed?
CYBERMAN: There was a systems failure, caused by an external influence, Leader.
CYBERLEADER: Then it must be corrected. What was the reason for the activation signal?
CYBERMAN: A ship is drifting alongside.
CYBERLEADER: Its crew must be captured and Cyber-converted. Continue the revival programme.
CYBERMAN: Yes, Leader.
DOCTOR: Now we're really in trouble. We've got to find the Tardis.
DEEVA: Tardis?
DOCTOR: My ship. It should be safe to re-enter it by now.
DEEVA: Safe?
DOCTOR: Come on.

CHARLEY: It really does look like a metal worm, doesn't it?
(Scraping metal against metal.)
VOL: Do you think it were alive?
CHARLEY: I don't know. But I don't think you should be touching it, Vol.
VOL: Oh, come on. I blew the nose right off it.
(Tapping it.)
VOL: See, stone cold. Ah!
CHARLEY: Put it down, for goodness sake.
VOL: Here, wait a minute.
(Tapping.)
VOL: Aye, it's harmless now. I must have destroyed the weapon. Bloop, bloop. Quite cute, innit, really?
(Charley laughs as Vol makes more bloop noises.)
IKE: Will you two stop playing with that damn thing and help me with the engine repairs?
VOL: You'll never repair that. She's a write-off.
IKE: Our only option is to activate the distress beacon and sit tight.
(Running footsteps.)
CHARLEY: Who's that?
CHEV: (breathless) Ike, Vol, have you got, got the engines fixed yet?
IKE: No chance.
CHEV: Damn!
CHARLEY: What's the matter? You look terrified.
CHEV: I am.
VOL: Chev? Where's Grash?
CHEV: Something, something from that ship. They've killed him!

CYBERMAN: Security systems now operational.
(Alarm.)
CYBERLEADER: What is that?
CYBERMAN: Two humanoid intruders are present on this ship.
CYBERLEADER: They must be captured.

(Tracker sound.)
DEEVA: This way. Are you aware that your ship gives off a very unusual reading, Doctor?
DOCTOR: That's because there's nothing at all usual about my ship, Deeva. And if you gave me back *my* tracker, I could show you an even more unusual reading.
DEEVA: Nice try.

VOL: Then they must be the creatures who sent us this, this space worm thing.
CHARLEY: And the ones who killed your poor friend.
CHEV: Yes. Yeah, I suppose so. But does this matter? Don't you see, they must be coming after *me*. Is there any way we can seal this section off?
(Walking towards them.)
IKE: Not with so much of the power down.
CHARLEY: Shush! There's someone in the corridor.
CHEV: Take cover. Get your guns ready.
(Guns charging up.)
CHEV: Maybe concentrated fire from three of us will be enough
IKE: Get down!
(Grash is groaning.)
GRASH: Chev?
CHARLEY: It's your friend Grash.
CHEV: Grash? Grash! I. Why but they killed you.

(Walking and tracker sound.)
DOCTOR: Did you notice that they were reviving Cybermen one at a time?
DEEVA: Yes. Could it be some kind of emergency measure?

DOCTOR: Yes, which means that they haven't fully reactivated their
(Fast bleeps.)
DEEVA: Doctor, I'm picking up movement, close by.
DOCTOR: Let me see. Moving towards us.
DEEVA: Cybermen?
DOCTOR: Cybermen. How close to
CYBERMAN: Resistance is useless.
DOCTOR: Ah, that close. Blocking our way back to the Tardis. Quick, we'll have to make for the airlock. Run!
(Cyberguns fired.)

(Bleeps.)
CYBERMAN: The humanoids have been sighted, Leader.
CYBERLEADER: They are heading for the airlock. They must be stopped.

(Running, Cyberguns firing.)
DOCTOR: How far now?
DEEVA: About another two hundred metres. Take the next left.
DOCTOR: Oh! I've got bad news.
DEEVA: What?
DOCTOR: Cybermen run faster than people.
DEEVA: There's the airlock.
DOCTOR: Oh!
DEEVA: Are you all right?
DOCTOR: Just a little singed.
DEEVA: Get your helmet on and help me open the pressure door.
(Door scrapes open)
DOCTOR: Is this far enough?
DEEVA: Shut up and get in.

VOL: But Grash, we can't go back to the airlock. That's where those creatures are. Isn't that what you said, Chev?
CHEV: Yes. Are you sure you
GRASH: (calmly) I managed to kill those two. But there are more on the way. We have to stop them.
CHARLEY: How? With what? Chev said your guns didn't
GRASH: Look, do you all want to die? Well, come on, then.

(Hiss.)
DEEVA: Nearly there.
(Clang.)
DEEVA: That's it. Help me get the Vanguard's airlock open. What's the matter?
DOCTOR: Something's not quite right. Did you notice how those Cybermen on the Star Destroyer seemed to give up?
DEEVA: Well, I suppose they did, but
DOCTOR: Why haven't they followed us?
DEEVA: Maybe they're about to. Come on.

CYBERMAN: The two humanoids are re-entering their ship.
CYBERLEADER: Our warriors will be waiting for them.

DOCTOR: You know, it won't be long before the entire Cybercrew are revived.
DEEVA: And that means we'll be in trouble. Stand by. I'm opening the inner door.
(Hiss. Door opened.)
DOCTOR: Look out, Cybermen.
CYBERMAN: Resistance is useless.
DOCTOR: Deeva, your gun.
(Laser gun shots. The Cybermen are hurt.)
CYBERMAN: You will surrender.

(Gun. CYBERMAN cry. Shots. CYBERMAN cry.)
DOCTOR: Exceptionally good shooting. What specifications is that gun made to?
(Running footsteps.)
CHARLEY: Doctor.
IKE: Captain.
CHARLEY: Doctor, what's going on?
CHEV: Grash, I thought you said
(Grash groans and collapses.)
VOL: What's the matter with him?
CHEV: He's out cold.
DEEVA: I gather the mutiny is over? I thought as much.
CHARLEY: What are these creatures?
DOCTOR: Cybermen.
CHARLEY: Oh.
VOL: What, androids?
DOCTOR: No, they were humanoid creatures much like you once, but their civilisation developed a penchant for cybernetically improving upon the weaknesses of the flesh.
IKE: What, you mean they're sort of bionic?
DOCTOR: Unfortunately, it isn't that simple. They turned the burning light of their technology on something they felt was holding them back.
CHARLEY: Their dress sense?
DOCTOR: Emotions. Some say they surgically removed their souls. And now? Well, let's just say they suffer from something of a superiority complex. They won't rest until they've cybernetically converted every last sentient being.
VOL: And that ship over there, it's one of theirs?
DEEVA: It's full of them. They've got a chamber on board which they use for converting humans into Cybermen. Which is where we'll all end up if we don't start fighting for our lives.
CHARLEY: Oh, good.
DOCTOR: Did you deal with the Cybermat?
IKE: Cyber eh?
CHARLEY: You mean that metal worm thing? Vol blew its nose off.
VOL: It's harmless now.
DOCTOR: Good.
IKE: Yeah, but it wrecked the main drive before we got to it.
DOCTOR: Then we're stuck here. Now, the first thing we have to do is jam the airlock controls. They'll know we've killed these two Cybermen so they'll be sending reinforcements.
DEEVA: Agreed. Vol, disable the airlock servo mechanisms.
VOL: You don't have to ask twice, er, Captain.
DEEVA: Ike, Chev, take Grash to his cabin.
IKE: Aye, aye, Captain.
DEEVA: Vol, take the Doctor and Charley to the flight deck when you've finished here.
DOCTOR: Where are you going?
DEEVA: A captain's work is never done, Doctor. I'll meet you on the flight deck.
(Door opens.)
CHARLEY: I wonder what *she's* being so secretive about.
DOCTOR: I wonder.

(More ripping of plastic sheeting.)
CYBERMAN: A force has been assembled, Leader.
CYBERLEADER: They must board that ship. The humans are to be captured for conversion.
(Electronic signal.)
CYBERMAN: Contact has been established with the Cybermat. It has sustained considerable damage and has lost offensive capability.
CYBERLEADER: It will be programmed with new instructions.

VOL: So you two know Ike, don't you?
CHARLEY: What makes you say that?
VOL: That stuff you said in the engine room about his (ahem) sideline. He's scared of you, and he'll have told Grash, which means you're in trouble.
DOCTOR: We're all in trouble, Vol. Far worse trouble than can be generated by any petty criminal circles in which your friend Ike circulates.
VOL: Petty? Oh, you must be joking. Oh, don't get me wrong, I keep me nose clean, but I know what goes on.
(Door opens.)
VOL: If you get on the wrong side of Grash
GRASH: Letting your mouth run away with you, Vol?
DOCTOR: I was just explaining to your friend here that I'm not interested in your criminal activities.
CHARLEY: Which is why we haven't told the captain about your little business enterprise.
CHEV: What are you interested in, then?
VOL: Who are you people?
CHARLEY: Just think of us as the ones who are going to get you out of this alive. Isn't that right, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Er, thank you, Charley, and all we're interested in is some information.
VOL: You can try asking.
DOCTOR: Where's your captain?
(Tapping on keyboard.)
VOL: Securiscan-scan shows. Oh, interesting. She's in the ship's computer command module.
DOCTOR: Really? Tell me about her.

(The computer is male, with an American accent. It speaks staccato.)
COMPUTER: Command clearance verified. Search parameters accepted.
DEEVA: Initiate search.
COMPUTER: Database now searching for files. (speaks rapidly then) Search complete. Recognition. Doctor, Tardis.
DEEVA: Intriguing. Do tell.

CHARLEY: So basically, you don't know much about her at all.
CHEV: Why should we?
DOCTOR: Precisely.
VOL: What do you mean?
DOCTOR: Nothing.
CHARLEY: She seems a bit, well, not like the rest of you.
IKE: Oh yeah? What are you insinuating?
CHEV: No. She's got a point. I know what you mean. Never a hair out of place, spotless uniform, and look at us. People who work on scrap ships. Well, we have a scrap ship sort of look about us, don't we?
VOL: Yeah, you mean a scrap ship sort of smell. (laughs) That's what me Missus always said (sadly) until she gave me the elbow.
DOCTOR: Yes, there's certainly something about our Deeva.
CHEV: And that gun of hers. Now, that is a really classy piece of work. I've never seen anything like it.
DOCTOR: On top of which, it seems to have been specifically designed to kill Cybermen.
CHEV: Are you sure?
DOCTOR: Well, it takes a lot to stop a Cyberman.
CHEV: Yeah. Our guns didn't work.
DOCTOR: And yet she can knock them down with virtually one shot. Ike, this command access only computer file which locked you out. Can you show it to me?
VOL: It'll set off the alarms again.

CHARLEY: What, with more than half your electricity on the blink?
VOL: Mmm, you've got a point there.
DOCTOR: And besides, I'm rather a dab hand at this sort of thing.
IKE: Well, let's have another gander.
(Tapping on keyboard, bleeps, alarm sound.)
VOL: Told you.
IKE: No, it's not that. It's a securiscan.
CHEV: Someone's trying to break through the airlock.
DOCTOR: Cybermen, I'll warrant.
VOL: Ah, they'll never get in. I jiggered the servos.
DOCTOR: Oh, I assure you, that won't stop them. Ike, call the captain, we'll need that gun of hers.
IKE: Right.
DOCTOR: The rest of you, come with me!

COMPUTER: In conclusion, archive database information suggests person using alias Doctor present in different time periods is known to Cyber race and is in possession of specialist knowledge concerning Cyber race.
DEEVA: Fascinating. Options?
(Comms beep.)
DEEVA: Damn.
IKE [OC]: Captain? Captain Jansen?
DEEVA: This had better be good, Ike.
IKE [OC]: Cybermen, trying to break in through the airlock. The Doctor says we'll need your gun.
DEEVA: Does he? All right Ike, I'm on my way.

(Metallic noises. Running, breathless.)
CHEV: Sounds like they're going to smash it open.
DOCTOR: How very unsubtle of them.
CHARLEY: Any ideas, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Thinking, thinking.
VOL: Well, well, what are we just standing here for? I don't want to be turned into a Cyberman.
CHARLEY: He's thinking.
CHEV: Oh, great.
DOCTOR: Is there an observation port?
CHEV: Yeah. Why?
DOCTOR: Open the shutter. I want to see what they're up to.
CHEV: Vol?
VOL: Right.
DOCTOR: Aha.
CHEV: They're trying to get in. Wasn't that obvious?
(Door opens.)
DEEVA: Doctor, what are you doing?
CHEV: Oh, sight-seeing by the looks of it.
VOL: Er, ma'am, couldn't we just open that door? Then you could just blast 'em with that fancy gun of yours.
CHARLEY: Have you seen how many of them are out there? Look.
VOL: Oh, God.
CHARLEY: If she were to miss just one
CHEV: Whatever! Look, they're going to be through the airlock door any second now, so we'd better do something and fast.
Hiss and alarm.)
DOCTOR: Oh dear. They've done it.
VOL: What?
CHARLEY: They've opened the outer door. They're coming into the airlock thing.
DEEVA: Right. Everyone back. When the inner door opens, all of you open fire. Aim for their eyes. You may be able to disorientate them long enough for me to pick them off one at

(Tapping.)
DEEVA: Doctor, what are you doing?
CHARLEY: Doctor?
DOCTOR: What are these emergency controls for?
VOL: Er, outer door jettison, but what
DOCTOR: Good, good. With independent battery power too. Excellent. For use in emergencies only. Yes, that should do it.
CHARLEY: What are you doing? That'll just let them into
DOCTOR: Charley, they're already in the airlock. But if I jettison the outer door they won't be able to close it behind them to effect re-pressurisation.
DEEVA: So? They don't need air.
DOCTOR: Ah, but we do and it's us they want.
CHARLEY: But if you blow the hatch, we won't be able to use the airlock again. How will we get back to the Tardis?
DOCTOR: Charley, if those Cybermen get in, we'll end up not caring about the Tardis. We'll be either killed or turned into Cybermen. We've got to take this one step.
VOL: They're closing the outer door!
DOCTOR: Which button do you think? The big red one?
DEEVA: Do it, Doctor, do it!
DOCTOR: Chocks away!
(Bang!)
DOCTOR: What are they doing now, Vol?
VOL: (laughing) It hit one of them right on the head! The others are just standing there!
DOCTOR: And that's where they'll stay. At least until their orders change. I don't suppose you have any tea on this ship, Deeva, do you?

CYBERMAN: The Cyber-force cannot proceed without de-pressurising the humans' ship.
CYBERLEADER: Instruct them to await further orders. Has contact with the Cybermat been re-established?
CYBERMAN: Yes, leader. It is awaiting instructions.
CYBERLEADER: Then there is another way.

(Door opens.)
DOCTOR: Put the kettle on, Ike.
IKE: Eh? You what?
CHARLEY: (laughs) Do you have any tea?
IKE: Tea?
DOCTOR: A refreshing brew.
IKE: Oh. We've got some G-Fresh patches if you want some.
CHARLEY: (laughs) Oh! Sounds rather unpleasant.
(Comms beep.)
DEEVA: Flight deck to Chev. What are the Cybermen up to?
VOL [OC]: Er, it's Vol, Captain. Nothing much. Just standing there looking at me. Do I have to keep the shutter open?
DEEVA: Yes. Where's Chev? I told her to stay with you.
VOL [OC]: Er, she's gone off to see how Grash is.
DEEVA: How touching. Report in if anything happens. Well. It appears we're safe, for the time being.
CHARLEY: Now, there's something we've overlooked.
IKE: What?
CHARLEY: Well, is Grash usually in the habit of just passing out?
IKE: No. But he was shot by the Cybermen. Well, that's what Chev said.
CHARLEY: But then he turned up, looking perfectly all right, didn't he? He said he'd killed those two Cybermen.
DOCTOR: But he hadn't, had he.
CHARLEY: No.
IKE: He wanted us to go back to the airlock. Oh, God. If you and the Captain

hadn't arrived
DOCTOR: The four of you would have ended up just like Grash.
CHARLEY: What, unconscious?
DOCTOR: No. Subjects of Cyber-control.

CYBERMAN: Cyber-control of human subject re-established.
CYBER LEADER: Issue instructions.
(Electronic pulsing noise.)

(Footsteps. Knocking.)
CHEV: Grash? Grash, it's Chev. Are you all right in there? Do you mind if I come in?
(Door opens.)
CHEV: Grash? (gasp)
DEEVA [OC]: Chev? Chev, where are you?
CHEV: I'm in Grash's cabin. I wanted to see if
DEEVA [OC]: Is he there?
CHEV: Well, er, no.
DEEVA [OC]: Has he taken his gun?
CHEV: Er, well, it isn't 'ere. What's the matter? Frightened he's going to take command again?
DOCTOR [OC]: Listen to me Chev, the Cybermen have control of his mind.
CHEV: They what?
DOCTOR [OC]: When we killed those two Cybermen their hold over him was

DOCTOR: Broken. That's why he collapsed. But they must have reactivated him somehow.
(Alert noise.)
IKE: I'm picking up someone heading for airlock reception.
DEEVA: Stand my, Chev. Ike, alert Vol.
IKE: Vol? Vol!
VOL [OC]: All right, keep your hair on. What is it?
IKE: You've got trouble. The Cybermen are controlling Grash and he's heading towards you.
VOL [OC]: What?
DEEVA: Chev, tail Grash.
CHEV [OC]: Tail? What do you mean? How?
DEEVA: Head for airlock reception. I'll try to intercept him before he gets to Vol. The rest of you, stay here.
(Door opens.)
CHARLEY: Aye, aye, Captain. Well, she's certainly in her element.
IKE: Aye.
DOCTOR: Almost as if it were her job. Now, time for a little investigating, I think. Let's have a look at that command access only computer file.
IKE: Nosey beggar, aren't you?
CHARLEY: Oh, he hasn't started yet.

CYBERMAN: The Cybermat is transmitting schematic information.
CYBERLEADER: Analysis?
CYBERMAN: It is possible to create a secondary airlock aboard the humans' ship by sealing off all the entrances to the reception area.
CYBERLEADER: Then that is what our human subject will do.
(Electronic pulsing.)
CYBERMAN: He is responding to instructions.
CYBERLEADER: Send the Cybermat to assist him.
CYBERMAN: Its weaponry has been destroyed.
CYBERLEADER: That does not matter. It is now programmed to induce Cyber-control.

(Typing on keyboard.)

CHARLEY: Any luck?
DOCTOR: More than judgement. It's proving quite stubborn.
IKE: I told you. It's a Garazone space patrol report. Look, maybe it would be better if you didn't
DOCTOR: Interfere? It's my speciality.
(Bleeps.)
DOCTOR: Ah ha.
IKE: You're in.
DOCTOR: And this is where the fun *really* starts.

(Comms beep.)
CHEV: Chev. Is that you, Captain?
DEEVA [OC]: Yes. I'm in position. Any sign of Grash?
CHEV: No, but
DEEVA [OC]: What?
CHEV: I, I think something's following me.

CHARLEY: Cargo loader Silver Jackal.
IKE: Digly and Thinnes.
DOCTOR: You knew the crew?
IKE: Yeah. Went missing.
DOCTOR: Part of your little business arrangement, no doubt. Well, now you know what happened to them. Proof positive that crime doesn't pay.
CHARLEY: Is anyone interested in this? Silver Jackal located drifting at coordinates fifty six, ninety seven, forty five.
IKE: That's pretty near here.
CHARLEY: Crew not aboard. Large unidentified alien craft located at coordinates fifty six, ninety seven, forty two.
IKE: And that's just about where *we* are.
CHARLEY: Coordinates and full image scan transmitted to Military Intelligence.
DOCTOR: Deeva knew exactly where she was heading.
(Tapping on keyboard. Alarm signal.)
IKE: Oh! Not another security block.
CHARLEY: Tellurian security, Orion classification D seven. Most secret.
DOCTOR: Why did you turn it off?
IKE: I didn't. Just shut itself down. Maybe it's just as well. That's military stuff. If anyone ever finds out
CHARLEY: Then what's it doing aboard a civilian ship?
IKE: You've got a point there.
DOCTOR: Orion classification D seven.
CHARLEY: What is this Orion business? Grash mentioned it earlier. He said he thought we could be er, androids from Orion?
IKE: Huh. No chance of that. There aren't any androids outside Orion.
DOCTOR: That's what Deeva said.
CHARLEY: Why?

(Running footsteps halt. Metallic scraping.)
CHEV: Grash? Grash, is that you? Grash? Grash, are you there?
(Scraping then electronic sounds.)
CHEV: Oh. My. God.
(Chev screams.)

[Part Four]

DOCTOR: If memory serves, androids and genetic constructs were outlawed, weren't they?
IKE: Memory? Everyone knows *that*.
DOCTOR: Yes, yes, of course. Although I have to confess we've been a little out of circulation of late, haven't we, Charley?
CHARLEY: I suppose you could put it like that, yes. Yes.

IKE: Something strange about you two, isn't there? Why are we talking about the Orion War anyway?
DOCTOR: Bear with me, Ike, bear with me. So the androids were outlawed.
IKE: They outlawed themselves, if you ask me.
CHARLEY: What do you mean?
IKE: Well, they started getting, well, uppity. Demanding rights. Said they were as good as people, real people.
DOCTOR: Heaven forfend.
IKE: Then they started forming their own tribunals, producing reports on maltreatment of non-human employees.
CHARLEY: And this led to a war?
IKE: Yeah. Earth authorities told them to pack it in or face the consequences. There were some ugly scenes. Demonstrations, riots. The trouble was, when it all kicked off the military had no way of telling the difference between people and androids. All sorts got killed.
DOCTOR: No way of telling? Interesting.
CHARLEY: Isn't that the point these androids were perhaps making?
IKE: Eh?
DOCTOR: Why is the war in the Orion system?
IKE: Oh well, gave up trying to get their rights, so the lot of 'em upped and left and moved to Orion. That's where most of them were made anyway.
CHARLEY: Weren't there any humans in the Orion system?
IKE: Oh yeah, but the androids gave them an ultimatum. Stay and accept androids as equals or leave. Most left, some stayed. Course, this was against the Galactic Charter and that's how the war started. About eight years ago now. Nobody's winning. It's a nasty business.
DOCTOR: What's that?
CHARLEY: What's the matter, Doctor?
DOCTOR: I thought I saw something on the main view port.
CHARLEY: I can't see anything.
DOCTOR: No, there *was* something, in the distance. It's gone now.
(Tapping on keyboard.)
IKE: If I had some decent power levels I could do a proper long range scan.
DOCTOR: Never mind. Just show me where this command computer module is on the securiscan.
IKE: You're not thinking of
DOCTOR: I am indeed. I think your Captain's up to something. I think she knew all along that this Cybership was out here. But I need to know what she's up to, and I think that's our only chance of getting out of this situation alive. Remember, she went straight to this command computer module at the earliest opportunity.
CHARLEY: So that's where all the answers are.
DOCTOR: I think so.
(Bleep.)
DOCTOR: Ah! There it is. Won't be long, Ike. Sit tight.
(Footsteps.)
DOCTOR: Come on, Charley.
CHARLEY: I hope you know what you're doing, Doctor, but I suppose it's a vain hope.
(Comms beep.)
IKE: Hello? Flight deck.
DEEVA [OC]: Ike, have you heard anything from Chev?
IKE: No.
DEEVA [OC]: I've lost contact with her. Can you see her on the securiscan?
(Tapping on keyboard.)
IKE: Oh. Dunno. Got two figures closing on you.
DEEVA [OC]: What? Can't you get the main lights working?
IKE: Not without a complete re-patch.
(Bleeps.)
IKE: There's something else registering. Sounds like that Cybermat thing.

DEEVA [OC]: Must be active again. That's all we need. Come in, Vol. Vol, come in.
VOL: Captain?
DEEVA [OC]: What are the Cybermen up to?
VOL: I was just going to call you, ma'am. They've attached some sort of gadget to the other side of the inner door.
DEEVA [OC]: They must be planning to create a secondary airlock.
VOL: A what?
DEEVA [OC]: Vol, get out of there. Follow my signal. Get to me as soon as you can. I think I'm going to need your help.
VOL: Oh, blimey.

CYBERMAN: Two humans now under Cybercontrol.
CYBERLEADER: When the reception area is sealed, instruct the Cyberforce to enter the ship.

DOCTOR: Where to now?
CHARLEY: The next left, I think.
DOCTOR: Oh.
(Footsteps.)
DOCTOR: Yes. Command computer module. Now
CHARLEY: Sonic screwdriver?
DOCTOR: Sonic screwdriver. Do your worst.
(He chuckles. Sonic screwdriver whirr.)

VOL: (sotto) Captain? Captain? (loud) Captain, it's Vol. Oh dear.
DEEVA: Over here, idiot. Keep your voice down.
VOL: Sorry. Any sign of Grash?
DEEVA: No. I think he's playing cat and mouse with us.
(Comms beep.)
DEEVA: Ike?
IKE [OC]: Ma'am?
DEEVA: Give the Doctor a gun and send him down here. We'll spread out and check the rest of the corridors.
IKE [OC]: Er
DEEVA: What is it?
IKE [OC]: Well, he',s he's gone.
DEEVA: Where to? Don't bother, I can guess. Vol, sit tight. I won't be long.
VOL: But what do we? Er. Oh. I see. Oh, great.

(Bleeps. Door opens.)
CHARLEY: At last.
DOCTOR: Impatience isn't a virtue, Charley, and considering that was a pretty secure lock
CHARLEY: What's the difference between this computer and the one on the flight deck?
DOCTOR: Well, this is a sort of secure server. It's like keeping all your most secret documents in a big safe.
CHARLEY: Well, how will you know the correct combination?
DOCTOR: Good point. I imagine only the designated commanding officer can get access to it. But I live in hope.
(Tapping on keyboard.)
CHARLEY: How many secrets can you have on a dustcart anyway?
DOCTOR: I don't know. Payroll, disciplinary records maybe, but I have a sneaking suspicion we may find more here.
CHARLEY: What's that red light?
DOCTOR: Infrared scanning beam. Must identify by visual analysis.
CHARLEY: Then we're in trouble.
(Speeded-up garbled sounds, bleeps, then electronic voice.)
COMPUTER: You have been identified as the Doctor.

DOCTOR: Oh. Have I now?
CHARLEY: It knows you. How?
DOCTOR: Seems Deeva's been gossiping about me.

CHEV: Vol!
VOL: Oh! Blimey Chev, you frightened the life out of me. Any sign of Grash?
CHEV: I'm not sure. I think I've found something. Back here. Come and look.
VOL: Er, well, the Captain told me to
CHEV: Just here. Look.
(Noise of Cybermat.)
VOL: Hey. It's that Cyber thing. I thought it was Argh!

(Tapping on keyboard.)
COMPUTER: Security breach is in progress. Alert, alert, alert.
DOCTOR: Yes, yes. Don't you worry about it, old thing.
(The computer screeches.)
DOCTOR: Oh, sorry about that.
CHARLEY: Sounds like you're murdering it.
DOCTOR: I'm just trying to convince it that because it knows me it has a good enough reason to tell me everything it knows.
CHARLEY: Makes sense. Doesn't it?
DOCTOR: Let's hope *it* thinks so. Now, are you going to talk to me?
COMPUTER: You have attained security clearance but you have no security rating.
DOCTOR: I know. Confusing, isn't it? Nevertheless, you won't be able to stop yourself telling me all about Orion classification D seven, will you.
(Silence.)
CHARLEY: Well, it was worth a try, I suppose.
COMPUTER: (fast words then) Orion classification D seven security override effective. Operational details code name Sword of Orion.
CHARLEY: Very poetic.
DOCTOR: Spill the beans, please.
COMPUTER VOICE: Earth Security operative C G H five stroke fourteen to assume identity of Merchant Space Corps scrap ship captain Deeva Jansen, deceased three zero zero five zero seven.
CHARLEY: Assume identity? She's an impostor, then. Maybe she's some sort of spy.
DOCTOR: Apparently. Continue?
COMPUTER VOICE: C G H five stroke fourteen to assume command of scrap ship Vanguard. Locate Star Destroyer reference three flight report sightings logged by scrap ships Intrepid, Magenta and Bulldog, reference security intelligence report six three five A eight nine one two B. Military Stratagem Department historical analysis prognostication.
(Plays extracts from recordings.)
MAN: Star Destroyer originates from planet Telos. Estimated date of launch coincides with reported hibernation of Cyber race on Telos. Malfunction of Star Destroyer. Activate hibernated Cybercrew when contact with humanoids confirmed. Purpose, Cyber-conversion of humanoids.
DOCTOR: State purpose of operation Sword Of Orion.
COMPUTER: Confirm military value of Cybermen in order to
(Static.)
CHARLEY: Doctor!
DEEVA: I think that's enough snooping, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Oh, hello. Tell me, what do your friends call you? CGH, or just plain five stroke fourteen?
DEEVA: Shut up.
DOCTOR: So what are you going to do now, kill us?
DEEVA: You're in that report too, Doctor.
CHARLEY: How come?
DEEVA: Seems you're quite an expert on Cybermen. A number of the reports on

their activities contain references to you. Who or what are you?
DOCTOR: Confirm military value of Cybermen in order to to what?
DEEVA: It seems I may need your help.
DOCTOR: To recruit the Cybermen to help you win your pathetic little war against the androids in Orion? I don't think so.
(Comms beep.)
IKE [OC]: Captain Jansen?
CHARLEY: Sorry, she is in fact dead.
IKE [OC]: What?
DEEVA: Go ahead, Ike.

IKE: Cybermen are boarding the ship. As far as I can gather Vol, Chev and Grash are *letting* 'em in.
DEEVA [OC]: All right, Ike, don't panic. Just get an atmos suit on and wait for us to come to you.

(Hissing.)
GRASH: Secondary airlock established.
VOL: Closing outer door. Repressurising.
(Hissing. Door opened. Cybermen stomping.)
CYBERLEADER: You three will be taken to our ship. Put on these support suits.
GRASH: We understand.
CYBERMAN: Cybercontrol reports that there are four other humans aboard.
CHEV: The captain, the pilot, the Doctor and the girl.
CYBERLEADER: They must be found and captured.

(Running on metal.)
DOCTOR: Ha. I majored in galactic military history. You were briefed, you mean, and I fell for it.
DEEVA: Save your energy, Doctor.
CHARLEY: How on Earth are you going to convince those things to fight for you? Sounds like a ridiculous idea.
DOCTOR: Precisely, Charley. You're playing with fire, CGH, don't you realise that? You can't tame Cybermen.
DEEVA: I'm fully aware of what the Cybermen intend for us, so I suggest you concentrate your famous mental abilities on devising their destruction.
DOCTOR: Oh, the mission's over, is it, CGH?

IKE: Yeah. Yeah. Right, that's it. Hey. What was that? The Doctor was right. There is something out there in space.
(Door opens.)
IKE: Here Doctor, you were right. No
CYBERMAN: Resistance is useless.
IKE: Now, look. Just keep back, right?
(Laser blast. Cybergroan.)
DEEVA: All right, Ike?
IKE: Yeah. Blimey, I thought I'd had it then.
CHARLEY: There's more of them coming down the corridor. Get the door shut.
(Door closes.)
IKE: Here Doctor, you know earlier when you
DOCTOR: Earlier? When do you mean?
DEEVA: Never mind that.
DOCTOR: What are you doing?
DEEVA: Emergency atmos suits. Put them on, quickly. We have to find an alternative way out of the ship.
CHARLEY: What for?
DEEVA: We're taking a space walk over to that Star Destroyer.
IKE: You're joking!
DEEVA: I don't usually point guns at people when I'm joking.
DOCTOR: She's serious, Ike. She's an Earth security agent here to win the

Orion war with Cybermen.
IKE: Eh?
(Door forced open.)
DEEVA: Get down!
CYBERMAN: Resistance is useless.
(Laser shots, Cybermen groans.)
DEEVA: It's obvious the Cybermen know where we are.
DOCTOR: Looks that way, doesn't it?
DEEVA: Our only hope of survival is to get off this ship. And that view port is as good an exit as any. Helmets on, everybody.
DOCTOR: Charley, hold onto something, tight.
CHARLEY: What's she going to do?
IKE: Oh, you're not gonna
(Laser gun. Explosion. Our heroes speak inside space helmets.)
DOCTOR: Hold on. Wait for depressurisation.
(Alarm. Hiss of air escaping.)

CYBERMAN: Leader, an explosion has caused a pressure leak in the forward compartment of the humans' ship.
CYBERLEADER: The humans will have been ejected into space.
CYBERMAN: I am unable to detect them.

IKE: Oh, my God. It's years since I've been in zero grav.
DOCTOR: The Cybermen don't seem to be following us. I wonder why?
IKE: Maybe they think we're dead. I feel dead.
CHARLEY: But don't they have, you know, some sort of scanner? They'll know where we are, won't they?
DEEVA: Keep moving!

(Bleeps.)
CYBERMAN: The security scanner is now functioning. There is an external influence.
CYBERLEADER: Instruct the Cyberforce to return. With the atmosphere evacuated from the humans' ship, any survivors will be forced to board *our* ship, before their oxygen supply is depleted.
CYBERMAN: Yes, Leader.
CYBER LEADER: Have the conversion chamber activated.

IKE: There it is again.
CHARLEY: What?
IKE: I was trying to tell you earlier.
DEEVA: Cut the conversation. I want to get to the trans-com aerial. We should be able to make it to the Cybership from there before our air runs out.
DOCTOR: Wait a minute, this could be vital.
DEEVA: I'm not having a discussion, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Well, maybe you should. It strikes me you need all the tactical input you can get.
IKE: There, look!
CHARLEY: I see it.
DOCTOR: Ah ha!
DEEVA: What is that?
CHARLEY: It looks like a sort of pulsing star.
DOCTOR: No, it's what I caught a glimpse of earlier. Look, it's getting bigger. Didn't you say they were rather common in this system, Deeva?
DEEVA: It's an ion storm.
CHARLEY: That's bad, is it?
IKE: Oh, no. If that hits whilst we're space walking
DOCTOR: It's some way off yet, but even at this range it'll be making a nonsense of the Cybermen's scanners.

CYBERMAN: Computer analysis has identified external influence as an ion storm, similar in size and intensity to the one which crippled our ship while we were in hibernation.
CYBERLEADER: Cyber-conversion of the humans must take place as soon as possible. The processes must be completed this time.
CYBERMAN: Yes, Leader. All security scanners have been rendered useless by ion interference.

CYBERMAN: Humans secured in primary conversion pods. Cybercontrol relinquished.
CHEV [OC]: What, what's going on?
VOL [OC]: Chev? Grash? Are you okay?
CHEV [OC]: What the hell's happening, Vol?
GRASH [OC]: I can't move. Here. Here, let us out!
VOL [OC]: Yeah. Let us out of here.
GRASH [OC]: You don't know who you're dealing with. I want to speak to your boss!
CYBERMAN: Engage primary phase.
(Pulsing. Chev, Vol and Grash scream.)

DEEVA: Kill those jet packs.
DOCTOR: I'm rather fond of that.
CHARLEY: Yes.
DEEVA: Shut up, you two. Hang onto the hull while I force the airlock mechanism.
CHARLEY: Won't the Cybermen have that thing alarmed?
DOCTOR: I'm afraid that's a distinct possibility.
CHARLEY: Then they'll know where we are.
IKE: Yeah, you're right. Captain, you
DEEVA: Can you think of another way in? Have you looked at your oxygen gauges? Just shut up and follow me.
DOCTOR: As soon as we get the inner door open, I suggest we go straight to the Tardis.
CHARLEY: Sounds good to me.
(Hiss of airlock opening.)
DEEVA: And why should I want to do that, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Oh.
CYBERMAN: Resistance is useless.
IKE: I think he's right.
DOCTOR: There are too many of them for us to start the shooting.
DEEVA: I must see your leader. Take me to him.
CHARLEY: What are you talking about?
CYBERMAN: You are to be Cyber-converted.
DEEVA: He'll want to see me.
CYBERMAN: Why?
DEEVA: I, I have a proposition for him. And this is the Doctor. Do you hear me? The Doctor. He's important to you, isn't he?
DOCTOR: I'm disappointed in you, Deeva. I really am.

IKE: I've a funny feeling we're not going to get out of this alive.
DOCTOR: All right, nobody panic and nobody make any sudden movements. We don't want to make them nervous, do we?
CHARLEY: *Them* nervous? They're about twice my height and there are about twenty of them. I'm really worried about spoiling *their* day.
DOCTOR: That's the spirit, Charley. Deeva, I hope you know what you're doing.
DEEVA: Do you?
CYBERLEADER: We have computer records of your involvement in our affairs, Doctor.
DOCTOR: How entertaining. I love the happy endings, don't you?
CYBERLEADER: We have orders that you should be returned to Telos for brain

analysis.
DOCTOR: Oh yes, of course. Know thine enemy. Are they expecting you back home? I thought they were all asleep, packed away in their ice tombs, much as you were.
CYBERLEADER: Our return with a new Cyberarmy will trigger the revival of our race.
DOCTOR: And just remind me, when exactly will you be getting home? Only, I thought you seemed to be somewhat adrift here.
CYBERLEADER: We will return.
DOCTOR: With no engines and the ship devastated by ion storm damage? I admire your optimism.
CYBERLEADER: We possess the superior intellect. It is logical that we will find a way.
DOCTOR: Good old logic. The last refuge of a cybernetic scoundrel.
DEEVA: Which is where I can help you.
CYBERLEADER: How can you help us?
DEEVA: By offering you an alliance.

(Electronic pulsing.)
CYBERMAN: Primary phase completed.
CYBERMAN 2: Prepare secondary phase. Neural integration.
(Whining of machinery. Screams of Chev, Vol and Grash.)
GRASH: Chev. Oh God!
CHEV: This is it, Vol. Nice knowing you.
GRASH: Digly and Thinnes, what did you do to them? It was you, wasn't it? You killed them. Nobody kills my people, you understand? Nobody touches Grash! I've got the Garazone systems sewn up. Anything happens, it goes through me! Listen to me, you filthy inhuman scum! Argh. Listen to me. I can have a contract out on you at the click of a finger. You're history, the lot of you! You're history!
CYBERMAN 1: This human is experiencing emotional trauma.
CYBERMAN 2: It is unsuitable for conversion. Terminate it.
GRASH: You're history! History! (screams)

CYBERLEADER: And in return for our military assistance in your Orion War, you will effect the repairs to our ship?
DEEVA: Those are the terms I'm authorised to offer.
IKE: Blimey. You lot'd certainly give them androids a kicking. Wouldn't know what'd hit 'em.
DOCTOR: Of course, the Cybermen would become the Sword of Orion, eh, CGH, cutting the androids down to size. What an easy solution to a problem entirely of mankind's own making.
CHARLEY: I don't understand you people. If you created these androids as intelligent beings, then why not treat them with some respect?
IKE: Huh! You'd better up sticks and go and live with your fake mates in Orion, dolly.
CHARLEY: Yuck. You're just a bigot, aren't you? No better than the slave traders. I see what you meant, Doctor. The future of human society in all its grim and grimy glory.
DEEVA: Supporters of the android hordes? You do surprise me.
CHARLEY: It's not a question of taking sides.
DOCTOR: Perhaps I'm being naïve, but shouldn't humanity face the consequences of its technological conceit, rather than dig up some inhuman menace from history to do their dirty work?
CYBERLEADER: This moral discussion is irrelevant.
DOCTOR: Yes, all moral discussion is irrelevant to you, so just listen for a moment.
CYBERLEADER: Secure him.
DOCTOR: Oh!
CHARLEY: Let him go.
CYBERLEADER: Silence. Take these humans to the conversion chamber.

(Sounds of struggling.)
CYBERLEADER: The Doctor will be frozen.
DEEVA: What about the Earth Alliance's proposition?
CYBERLEADER: It is meaningless.
DOCTOR: Listen to me, I have a counter-proposition.
CYBERLEADER: You have a proposition?
DOCTOR: Something a little more practical and logical.
CYBER LEADER: That is not possible. You are emotional, weak, inferior.
DOCTOR: And we're all about to be blasted into oblivion by another ion storm. Perhaps it's the same one come back to finish the job.
(Silence.)
DOCTOR: I see I have your attention. Which means, logically, that you must have detected the approaching ion storm.
(Silence.)
DOCTOR: I'll take that as a yes. So tell me this, Cyberleader. What exactly is it that makes you think this ship isn't going to be ripped to pieces by the storm? Last time you were hit, virtually every vital system aboard was wrecked. You haven't been able to reactivate your main drive because, logically, you would have left by now. You have no inter-spatial weapons capability because logically, you would have taken a few pot shots at the Vanguard. And I know for a fact that you've had to revive your warriors one by one using some emergency procedure.
CHARLEY: I think you've got him, Doctor.
DOCTOR: You don't know whether you can survive the storm or not, do you?
CYBERLEADER: The matter is uncertain, but there are no other options.
DOCTOR: (laughs) Blind faith. That's what you're relying on, isn't it? Blind faith.
CHARLEY: *Very* logical.
CYBERLEADER: Your proposition, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Take advantage of my irrational emotional ingenuity. Using power from my ship, I may be able to rig up some kind of defence screen which would disperse the power of the ion storm. In return, you must release us and the humans in the conversion chamber.
DEEVA: Congratulations, Doctor. He's thinking about it.
DOCTOR: I think the idea has a certain logic to it.
(Crash.)
CHARLEY: Oh, what the hell was that?
IKE: No. It's the ion storm, innit?
(Alarm sound.)
DOCTOR: The outer arms are just beginning to find their marks, Cyberleader.
CYBERLEADER: Status report?
DOCTOR: Well, don't take *my* word for it, then.
CYBERMAN: Leader, an ion field is enveloping the rear section of the hull.
CYBERLEADER: Activate emergency shielding.
(Bleeps.)
CYBERMAN: Power unstable. Levels below operational effectiveness.
CYBERLEADER: Stabilise power immediately.
DOCTOR: Confidence failing a little, is it?
CYBERLEADER: Where is your Tardis, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Release these people and I'll take you to it.
CYBERLEADER: Release them. Now.
DEEVA: Down, Doctor!
DOCTOR: What are you doing?
(Laser blast.)
DEEVA: Run for it, now!
(Laser blast. A Cyberman dies.)
DOCTOR: Charley, come on!
(Laser blast.)
CYBERLEADER: Stop them at once.
(Cybergun firing. Ike cries out.)
DEEVA: Come on!

CYBERLEADER: Stop them.
(Cyberguns firing.)

(Running on metal.)
CHARLEY: What about Ike?
DOCTOR: Deeva, we must go back for him.
DEEVA: We can't save him now.
(Cybergun blast. Deeva cries out.)
DOCTOR: Are you all right?
DEEVA: Yes. Where's your Tardis?
DOCTOR: I think it's this way.
DEEVA: You'd better be right.

(Electronic whirring.)
CYBERMAN: Proximity ion field has dispersed, Leader. Main body of storm is still approaching.
CYBERLEADER: Divert all power reserves to emergency shields.
CYBERMAN: It is unlikely that shielding will withstand another encounter.
IKE: The Doctor was right, then. This place is a load of junk. You're only fit for one of our scrap bays.
CYBERLEADER: Take him to the conversion chamber.

(Running on metal, stopping.)
CHARLEY: Doctor, it's the Tardis. Do you think it's safe to go in now?
DOCTOR: Only one way to find out. Deeva, I need my tracker. Do you have it with you?
(Deeva groans.)
DOCTOR: You're not all right, are you? Let me see that wound.
DEEVA: Keep away from me.
CHARLEY: But you're hurt. He was only trying to
DEEVA: The blood almost looks real, doesn't it?
CHARLEY: What?
DEEVA: Unfortunately, the sensation of pain is real enough. A safety mechanism, I believe.
DOCTOR: Let me see that wound.
(Fabric pulled back.)
DOCTOR: It's
DEEVA: Fibrous nerve tissue. You should see the factories in Orion where they weave the stuff.
CHARLEY: You're an android.
DEEVA: I had you fooled, didn't I? But that's the point, isn't it? What's the difference.
DOCTOR: What are you doing?
DEEVA: Injecting bonding fluid. Oh! Running repairs.
CHARLEY: Then you're not here to do a deal with the Cybermen?
DEEVA: That wasn't even Earth Security's intention. History has taught them not to trust the Cybermen. I was buying time. Your outrage blinded you.
DOCTOR: But your command computer stated
DEEVA: I'd already confirmed the military value of the Cybermen. My mission was to obtain details of the Cyber-conversion process. Those details are now stored here, in my central neural processor.
DOCTOR: The humans would really go that far?
CHARLEY: Just to win a war?
DEEVA: Of course. Their High Command will grab any chance of breaking the stalemate, even turning whole regiments of humans into cybernetic troops. Emotionless, totally obedient, virtually unstoppable.
CHARLEY: So what's your real mission?
DEEVA: The same.
DOCTOR: But you're a double agent. And the information goes back to Orion for the androids.

DEEVA: Correct, Doctor. Perhaps human prisoners of war can be put to good use.
CHARLEY: Oh, that's inhuman!
DEEVA: We learn from our creators.
(Explosion.)
CHARLEY: Doctor, the whole place is burning up!
DOCTOR: Ion disruption.
DEEVA: We have to get into your Tardis.
(More explosions.)
CHARLEY: Are we still alive?
DOCTOR: That's just the start of it. Eventually that energy will rip this ship apart.
DEEVA: Come on, then.
DOCTOR: I'm willing to try to take you home, Deeva, or whatever your real name is, but there's a price of admission.
CHARLEY: Doctor, we don't have time for this.
DOCTOR: Yes we do. Deeva?
DEEVA: What's the price?
DOCTOR: Erase the information you've stored concerning Cyber-conversion. You can do that, can't you?
DEEVA: Yes. But why *should* I do that?
DOCTOR: Because you must know your plan can never work. If you create Cybermen, they'll not only destroy the humans, they'll destroy your people.
DEEVA: People? You realise I can force you to take me? I could threaten to kill you, or Charley.
DOCTOR: Yes, I believe you can do all the things human beings are capable of.
DEEVA: And if I do as you ask? Well, how can you be sure I'd erase the information? I could be lying.
DOCTOR: I trust you.
DEEVA: The information is erased, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Charley, help me carry her to the Tardis.
CYBERLEADER: Take the girl.
CHARLEY: Oh! Doctor!
DOCTOR: Charley.
DEEVA: Oh! My gun!
CYBERLEADER: Without this weapon you are helpless.
DOCTOR: That's very astute of you. I suppose you want a lift.
CHARLEY: Ow! You're breaking my arms!
CYBERLEADER: Open the door to your Tardis or I will have the girl dismembered.
DOCTOR: Wait, wait, wait! All right, all right! Don't get impatient.
CHARLEY: Doctor, you can't let them into the Tardis. Ow!
DOCTOR: I don't think I have much choice, do you?
CYBERLEADER: Emotional weakness. Open the door.
DOCTOR: I'm glad to see you accepted my proposition
CYBERLEADER: There is no time to experiment with defence shielding. The main body of the ion storm is about to impact. You will pilot us to safety in your craft. We will return to Telos and revive the Cyber race.
DOCTOR: I'm afraid that wasn't part of the deal.
CHARLEY: Oh! Doctor, it's crushing me.
(Bang! Rush of air.)
DOCTOR: Hull breach! Quickly, get your helmets on!
(They do.)
DOCTOR: Charley! Charley, I
CHARLEY: I can't. I can't breathe
DOCTOR: Where, I
CHARLEY: I think that that Cyberman must have
DOCTOR: I can't see you. Ion disruption, I can't
CHARLEY: Must have crushed my life support. (gasp) I
DOCTOR: Charley!
CHARLEY: Deeva, what are you doing?

DOCTOR: Charley!
(Explosion with long lingering repercussions, then silence broken only by the hiss of an empty carrier wave.)

CHARLEY: (echoing) Doctor! Are you all right? (in space helmet) Doctor, are you all right? Wake up. Wake up. Can you hear me?
(Hissing of air.)
DOCTOR: Charley?
CHARLEY: Oh, thank God, I thought you were dead.
DOCTOR: What, what? Well, are you, are you all right? Where, where are, where are we?
CHARLEY: We're drifting in space. The ship broke up. Can you see the Tardis? Look, it's over there. We should be able to make it using these jet packs things.
DOCTOR: The Cybermen, what happened to them?
CHARLEY: Look. Scattered all around with the debris of the ship.
DOCTOR: Clawing helplessly at the void. The cold will eventually shut them down in time, but. Where's Deeva?
CHARLEY: I, I couldn't stop her.
DOCTOR: Stop her? Stop her doing what?
CHARLEY: The Cyberman had crushed my life support pack. She, she gave me hers.
DOCTOR: She. I see.
CHARLEY: She said, trust.
DOCTOR: I think I understand.

(Footsteps.)
DOCTOR: Repressurising.
(Removing helmets.)
CHARLEY: I'll go and see how Ramsey's feeling.
DOCTOR: Yes. Yes, I'll join you in a moment or two. Who knows, maybe the release of temporal energy helped him. Now.
CHARLEY: You're looking for her, aren't you.
DOCTOR: Hmm?
CHARLEY: Deeva.
DOCTOR: Yes. No sign of her. She's drifting out there, somewhere. Androids don't need to breathe, but without her life support pack the cold will have caused her systems to shut down. Maybe one day someone will find her and reactivate her.
CHARLEY: Are you all right, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Mmm, it's ironic, isn't it? In many ways the Cybermen are arguable more human than Deeva.
CHARLEY: You mean because they were once human?
DOCTOR: Mmm.
CHARLEY: Perhaps. But they tried to improve themselves, didn't they, the Cybermen? But as it turned out, they got it wrong. Made themselves into, well, monsters really. Whereas Deeva, it's almost as if she took what we humans had given her and improved upon it.
DOCTOR: We humans?
CHARLEY: Is this where you start getting all superior and mysterious with me?
DOCTOR: No. This is where, at last
(Tardis engines start.)
DOCTOR: I get to put the kettle on.

Transcribed by David Tait with additions / corrections by Great Aunt Chrissie.